

THE FAVORITE

VOL. I.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

PRICE } FIVE CENTS,
OR SIX CENTS, U. S. CY.

For the Favorite.

"IMPROMPTU."

BY H. PATTERSON.

Never give way to repining,
Brood not over the thankless Past;
Darkest clouds have a silvery lining,
The Future's unbounded and vast.

Life's all too fleeting for sorrow;
The Present is ours alone:
Action let pledge the To-morrow,—
To-morrow take care of its own!

What if we gain not the laurel
And royal bay-leaf of the bard,
Shall we then foolishly quarrel,
And call our being "ill-star'd?"

No—'twere poor satisfaction
To quarrel with any at all;
The height of desperate action,
Ourselves then out with to fall!

MONTREAL, 28th Feb., 1873.

For the Favorite.

"Where the Laugh came in."

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO', ONT.

"Oh, of course!" roared Buffalo, "you're pretty fellows! Know a lot about it, don't you? Oh, of course!" and Buffalo whistled like Boreas through the rigging of an old-fashioned man-of-war, a whistle expressive of contempt and defiance, and then glared, and snorted at Whiffler and myself, his bosom friends, until Whiffler's toy-terrier thrust its head out of his coat-pocket, in which spot he generally boarded, and barked defiance back again.

"You're a pretty fellow!" retorted Whiffler, excitedly, "you're a donkey!" and Whiffler threw his cigar into the ashstand, and rising, eyed Buffalo all over, beginning at the Hyperion curls of his classic head, and ending at the toe of his boot. He laughed a short sardonic laugh.

"Try it by all means," he said, "but don't expect sympathy when you're sacked. Daisy Darlington, indeed!"

"And why not Daisy Darlington, sir?" inquired Buffalo with awful politeness, "but perhaps you have some ideas in that direction yourself?"

"Perhaps I have," said Whiffler, coolly. "I'm not a penniless scamp of a reporter?" and the abominable snob sneered up into Buffalo's visage, and rattled some loose silver in his pocket.

"Open the door, Jackson!" said Buffalo, eyeing Whiffler with his head lowered in that position which had gained him his *soubriquet*.

I never liked Whiffler, and though I tried to feel a Christian distaste to aiding in Buffalo's project, that door managed to get open extremely fast.

"Now, you pitiful little cur," said Buffalo, laying his hand on the little collar of Whiffler's faultless little coat, and swinging him clear off the ground, while his little legs fluttered in the air, "I'll help you downstairs in a twinkling!" and with a couple of strides Buffalo reached the lobby, and quietly dropped Whiffler over the bannisters into the hall below.

Whiffler darted through the air like a meteor, and alighted on the tea-tray which Mrs. Bordwell was carrying into the dining-room. There was a horrid yell, a clatter as of a thousand bovines waltzing in a china-shop, and Whiffler reposed on the floor in the midst of Mrs. Bordwell's best tea-service,—his little head in the slop-basin—the cream-ewer inverted on his chest.

"Laws!" said Buffalo, trying to back noiselessly out of sight. "I've done it now, and no mistake!"

"You're the most ungrateful creeter, Mr. Anxer, as ever drew the breath of life!" cried Mrs. Bordwell, looking up at Buffalo, and beginning to dissolve in tears. "A-droppin' of gentlemen onto my best chayna, when, goodness knows! time an' again I've went by with the coal-scuttle, which unbreakable it is, an' you never as much as flung a cat down, an' me doin' up your collars, an' fronts myself, reglar, an' not sparin' to put starch an' the feelin's of a mother into the job!"

"Mr. Whiffler, sir, are you dead?"

"No," said Whiffler, sitting up amongst the



"MR. WHIFFLER AND TROUNCER."

fragments, and glaring up at Buffalo. "Oh! I'm not dead, thank you! As I shall let some people know to their cost!"

The little serpent had a very deadly eye as he said this, and looked almost tragic as he got up and walked away to his room.

"I'm almost sorry I did it!" said Buffalo, thoughtfully. "He's Daisy's cousin, you know!"

"Cousin, or no cousin," moaned Mrs. Bordwell, "you've ruined the chayna my uncle Jerry giv me the very day me an' Bordwell was married, an' ever value it special, did me an' Bordwell, because the cream-jug favored poor uncle Jerry's figure to a T, an' we never had a neighbor in to a cup of tea, without, as you may say, havin' poor uncle Jerry called up afore us, like a spirit from his nice oak coffin with plated handles."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, Mrs. Bordwell," said Buffalo meekly, "but when a fellow's temper is up even cream pots with a family likeness are likely to suffer. I'll make it all right with you, though!"

"That I'm awere of, Mr. Anxer," said Mrs. Bordwell graciously. "Says I to Miss Daisy only yesterday: 'This much I will say, that whatever Mr. Anxer's little failin's may be, which none of us is born Angels or Marthas (by which she meant martyrs) his spirituous part is munificent, an' such a thing as carryin' over in washin' bills unknown.'"

"Well, and what did she say?" said Buffalo, leaning his mane of jetty curls over the bannisters, and reddening furiously from his resplendent tie to the exquisite parting of his ambrosial locks.

"Ah, Susan," says the sweet creeter, "isn't it a pity he's so dreadfully dissipated. Papa, an' them as shall be nameless, says it's jawful the

way he drinks and gambles, but he looks 'as if he meant to be good,' says she."

"Did she say that?" said Buffalo, looking wistfully down at good Mrs. Bordwell, as she sat on the oil-cloth vainly trying to piece the memento of uncle Jerry.

"That she did!" said Mrs. Bordwell, "an' the answer I made her was: 'Miss Daisy, long before you was thought of, or me comin' to nurse you, an' meetin' Bordwell, an' us goin' into the boardin'-house line, I nursed Mr. Dick Anxer, bringin' him up by hand, which his poor ma died the day he was born, an' a gooder young man, except when led astray by them as might be called Whiffler, or might be called Jackson, never was wrapped in cotton waddin, which small he was, though no one would believe it now, to look at you, Mr. Dickey, my dear!"

Buffalo smiled placidly at his expansive chest and pulled that moustache, which I never could see any beauty in (for, to my mind, it looked exactly like what my grand-aunt Tabitha called her "monkey-skin tippet"), and turned to me.

"Come, Jack," said he, "let's go up town I want to look up some china for Mrs. Bordwell."

"An' if you could carry the shape of the cream-jug in your mind's eye, Mr. Anxer," called out the worthy matron, "which uncommon bulky for its height it was, I'd take it kind of you, for feelin's is feelin's, an' not so much a fotograph of my poor, dear uncle Jerry in the house."

"All right!" sang out Buffalo, in high good humor. "Come along, Jack!" and off he swaggered, followed by his dog Trouncer, a sweet animal, as black as a coal, and with a white patch over one eye.

A synopsis of Trouncer's traits of character occurs somewhere in the Poets.

"Silent and sure as the stars in the sky."

He didn't bark much, but he was very sure indeed to bite, on which account he generally took the air with his nose done carefully up in about a mile of leather straps, frightening old ladies with satchels, and young ladies with *beaux* into incipient hysterics, and was only allowed full liberty of tooth when there were plenty of bones at hand to distract his attention from the human subject. Did I like Trouncer? Not much, but he liked me a great deal, especially about the calves.

China! No, we never thought of such a thing, for in the distance Buffalo espied a blue velvet suit, and a very curly white feather, tripping down the street which he swore, at the distance of a good half mile, to contain the lovely person of Miss Daisy Darlington, while behind her walked a little foot-page, carrying her skates, the latter youthful being, blazing like a constellation with gilt buttons.

"I'm off!" I said, as soon as this vision burst upon us. "Buttons can play gooseberry!"

"The deuce he can!" exclaimed Buffalo piteously, "don't leave me, there's a good fellow!"

Now Miss Daisy Darlington's golden head reached to somewhere in the neighborhood of my friend's elbow, and her general appearance was that of a modest, blue-eyed dove, but nevertheless, at the remotest flutter of her dainty raiment, at the most distant tinkle of her fresh little voice, Buffalo's heart sank within him, and he required the moral support of such a nature as mine, to carry him through an interview with his divinity creditably. By Jove! what idiots fellows in love are, to be sure! I never have been in that ridiculous state, and never mean to be, except with myself.

"How do you do, Mr. Jackson?" said Daisy, "and oh! is that you, Mr. Anxer? What a lovely day it is!"

"Yes, Miss Darlington," said Buffalo, desperately trying to say something. "Ah-h! What a lovely day it is, Miss Darlington."

"So it is," said Daisy sweetly. "I've been down to the rink skating. Papa is away in the country at grandma's, and I felt so lonely at home with only aunt."

"Do you think, Miss Darlington," I said with ready tact, "that your estimable aunt would like a very charming little poodle I know of? No bigger than a muff I assure you."

"Oh, so much!" said Daisy, "Adonis died of apoplexy a week ago, and poor, dear aunt misses him so much you can't think."

"I'll bring him to-night," I said resolutely, "or, if I can't come myself, Mr. Anxer, will bring him I'm sure, won't you Dick?"

Of course he would! and while Daisy tripped off duly attended by her little foot-page, who though small was obese, and from whom Trouncer parted with many a backward glance of tender regret, and much dewy glistening of his muzzled nose, Buffalo and I went on our way rejoicing.

"I'll stand you a champagne supper for that," said Buffalo, gratefully, "the old dad away and a *tête-à-tête* with Daisy! Delicious! I'll pop to-night. The old chap can't hate me worse than he does, and as for Daisy—"

Buffalo, (we having arrived at home,) looked in the hall glass, and smiled sweetly.

"I'll make it all square to-night before that sneak Whiffler has a change of making mischief."

I might have been mistaken, but I thought I saw a straw-colored head suddenly pop back from peering over the bannisters in the upper regions. I don't think I was, though, for Trouncer with the speed of light, (from the dog-star of course), glided unobtrusively up the stairs. There was the sound of rapidly retreating feet, the soft closing of a door, and Trouncer reappeared, with an air of melancholy resignation, and seated himself sorrowing on the door-mat.

"Good Trouncer!" said Buffalo, benignly, "he shall come and pay a visit to a little angel, to-night."

Trouncer made an effort to lick his chops, as though he were speculating as to the peculiar flavor of an angel—an article of diet which as yet he had had little experience of—and wagged his ample tail in pensive anticipation of the treat.

I have reason to believe that Miss Daisy and her aunt Julia, received Buffalo with, as the papers say, "distinguished consideration." Cupid, the poodle, was pronounced a gem, and fully occupied aunt's attention which, added to the joyful fact that she were as deaf as a

post, made her the most delightful companion for the lovers you can imagine. On the principle "Love me, love my dog," Daisy had accommodated Trouncer with a fleecy, rose-colored mat, in the direct glow of the sparkling fire, and when she blushed at anything Buffalo might chance to remark, it was charming to see her stoop, and pat Trouncer's graceful head, at which time she her hair made a veil hide her scarlet cheeks, which yet betrayed her by glowing like damask roses through a golden vapor.

Trouncer bore up as long as he could, but at length, overcome by a sudden memory of the fat page, whom he had seen in the hall below, he looked cautiously round to ascertain how the land lay, before endeavoring to retire unobserved.

Aunt Julia was dozing peacefully in her wide velvet chair; Cupid lying cosily on the sweeping folds of her satin dress, and Buffalo had a cloud of something blue in his left arm, with which his attention was fully occupied. Trouncer's mouth watered as he thought of the page, and quietly rising, he glided unobserved from the apartment.

"So, Daisy, you love me in spite of all Whiffier's lies about me. It seems too good to be true!"

"But, though I love you, Richard, I won't marry you until I can coax Papa to let me. He has made up his mind that I am to marry Charlie Whiffier, to keep all the money in the family, and—Oh, me! What's that?"

A horrible howl of anguish floated up the stairs, followed by a heavy fall, and Buffalo made for the scene of action, closely followed by Daisy, who was too frightened to remain behind.

The hall was empty, but the library door stood open, and from it came a repetition of the howls, mingled with a hoarse, muffled growling. The room was not lighted, but the glow from the hall lamp displayed the following tableau.

Whiffier lay on his back on the floor, Trouncer seated cosily on his chest, his damp muzzle pressed against the wind-pipe of his prostrate foe, while he growled in anguish of spirit because of the untimely restraint of the bondage of his jaws. An open escritoire stood a little in the shadow, and Whiffier's fingers clenched a large roll of bills.

"Call him off, you!" yelled Whiffier, "or he'll strangle me."

"No!" said Buffalo, turning very pale "not until you tell how my gloves, which I left with my hat in the hall, come to be in this escritoire. Watch him, Trouncer!"

"Oh certainly!" said Trouncer in the language of the eye.

"Save me, Daisy!" shrieked Whiffier, but Buffalo's face was as relentless as fate.

"There you lie, Mr. Whiffier," he said, "until you confess; and with Daisy's permission, I shall just lock you and Trouncer in until Mr. Darlington returns to-morrow from the country. Daisy, precious, I am very sorry for this, but I feel that there is some base plot against me!"

"Just as you think right, dear Dick!" faltered Daisy, glancing with horror at her estimable cousin.

"I'll confess," gasped Whiffier, who was rapidly turning black in the face. "I'll confess! I put them there, and took the bills here, so that uncle might think you robbed him. I followed you here to do it."

"You awful wretch!" sobbed Daisy, while Buffalo made a great effort to control himself.

"Let him go, Trouncer!" he called out, "now, put back those bills, and give me my gloves!" he continued, as Whiffier, released very unwillingly by Trouncer, rose to his feet, and glared at the lovers; "and," added Buffalo "I promise you that Daisy and I will be silent as regards this scene, to your uncle, but only so long as you refrain from further plots and lies against me!"

"Who wants your forbearance, you sneaking beggar?" yelled Whiffier. "If it wasn't for that beast there, I'd have paid you out for the way you served me to-day, and I'll marry Miss Daisy there, too, for who's going to believe your cock-and-bull story, Mr. Injured Innocence? And as for you, Miss Daisy, you're promised to me, and I'll have time enough to pay you out when we're married!"

"When you are," said a very quiet voice from the threshold, and Mr. Darlington walked into the room and straight up to Buffalo.

"Give me your hand, Mr. Anxer," he said, extending his own. "I have witnessed the whole of this scene, and I blush to say that your generosity is quite misplaced towards that reptile I have the misfortune to call my nephew. Mr. Charles Whiffier, your hat is in the hall, and let me add that you need not take the trouble of continuing your services at my office. But, before you go, I have something more to add. Daisy! do you love Mr. Anxer?"

"Yes, dear pa!" sobbed Miss Darlington, making a rush for the old gentleman's waistcoat.

"Very well then! You may consider yourselves engaged, only Mr. Anxer, I should like to see you a little steadier before—you understand, eh?"

Buffalo understood to such good purpose, that yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing Trouncer, and the fat page, amicably feasting off a wedding cake in the hall of the Darlingtons' mansion, both profusely decorated with white favors, while Mr. and Mrs. Buffalo—I beg their pardon!—Anxer, were whirling a-off on Pullman train to enjoy *à la mode* in the neighborhood of the Adirondacks.

Whiffier hasn't yet seen "where the laugh came in."

FORGET I LOVED THEE!

Thou bidd'st me crush it out, and live it down—
Stamp out its memory from my aching brain;
Forget I loved, remove the thorny crown
That presses on my brow with maddening pain.

Dost think there lurks within the human breast
So little of the holy fire of Love
That words can quench it? Thinkest thou that
rest

Can come with years, or e'en in realms above?

I'll tell thee, thou hast never felt the fire
Of Love's impassioned flame, or thou wouldst
know

That hope deferred, the unattained desire,
But fans the embers into brighter glow.

Forget I loved thee! Almost bid me cease
To dream of heav'n as bury thought of thee;
Dost think my heart can ever beat in peace
Apart from thine? dost think that thou art
free?

I tell thee, while we hold our earthly sway,
My every pulse shall beat response to thine;
Ay, more, when from the earth we pass away,
Thy spirit's haunt shall still be sought by
mine!

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES
FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING-
BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"Fire, fire!"

Miss Tillysdales, awaking with the above frightful cry in her ears, started up tremblingly, hastily threw over herself a few garments, and then, unlocking the door of her chamber, peeped forth, but instantly receded before a volume of thick smoke and a lurid light.

"Fire! fire!"

Pretty Dinah Tillysdales heard not the alarming cries now ringing throughout the whole building; the curtains of her couch were drawn closely around her; and she, having no figures nor no fantasies, which busy care draws into the brains of some, was enjoying the honey-heavy dew of slumber.

Meanwhile the flames were progressing rapidly. Jellico was rapping at one bedroom door, Ralph was doing the same at another; while Desmoro was running hither and thither, first along this corridor, and then along that—the house was only one storey high—endeavoring to make his voice heard everywhere about.

Jellico now burst into the presence of Miss Tillysdales, who was standing before a looking-glass, with a night-lamp in her hand, endeavoring to arrange the set of her fine lace cap.

"Fly, madam, fly!" said the stroller. "Your house is on fire! You have not a moment to lose, if you would escape with your precious life!"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed she, shivering with sudden terror, and then glancing round the apartment. "Where, where are my keys? I must preserve my jewels and my money?"

"I implore you, madam, to regard nothing but your life!" urged Jellico, in earnest accents, to which the lady was not paying the slightest attention. "Listen! do you hear the crackling timbers about us?" he added. "A few minutes more, and we may be too late to save ourselves! Come, madam, come!"

"My diamonds—my beautiful diamonds! I cannot go without them!" returned Miss Tillysdales, vainly searching for her keys. "Where did I put them, I wonder? Oh, Dinah will know, I dare say. Where's Dinah?"

Miss Tillysdales's speech was cut suddenly short by Jellico, who seizing her in his strong arms, dragged her out into the corridor, which was now as light as day, made so by the spreading conflagration, and despite her shrieks and struggles, carried her down the wide staircase to the ground-floor, on which he safely deposited his burden.

"My diamonds!" shrilly repeated the ancient spinster, trying to regain the stairs, and make her way back again to her chamber, in her selfish love for her baubles utterly forgetting all about her dead brother's child, not heeding whether she were preserved or lost.

During this time, Ralph had penetrated two or three empty chambers, in search of gentle Dinah Tillysdales; and Desmoro had succeeded in arousing the servant-maids, who were now flying downstairs, endeavoring to escape from the raging flames.

Ralph was standing before a locked portal, striving to force it open; but the oaken panels firmly resisted all his efforts.

"The young lady, sir?" cried Desmoro, in terror.

"She must be within this apartment, the door of which is locked!" answered the stroller, his shoulder against the oak, using his best efforts to effect an entrance to the chamber.

"In there, sir?" said Desmoro, hurriedly:

and exerting his whole strength, he dashed at the panel before him, which, yielding, they were admitted to the presence of the terrified Dinah, who was sitting up in her bed, one of the curtains of it in her hand, as yet scarcely more than half awake.

"Fire!—fire!" shouted Desmoro, excitedly. "Miss Dinah, save yourself! Not a moment must be lost!" he continued, snatching up a woollen garment, and throwing it to the scared maiden, whose face looked pale amid the red glare that filled the apartment.

"My aunt!" she exclaimed, addressing Ralph and springing off her couch—"my aunt! Oh, save her! I will look after my own safety!"

Ralph said not a word, but, grasping her hand, hurried her into the gallery—Desmoro following them—then down the stairs, where they found Jellico comforting Miss Tillysdales, who was in dishabille and tears looking all dilapidation and distress.

In the dead of a winter's night, Tillysdales Hall in flames did not arouse the country neighbors, who were lying comfortably between their blankets; so the old time-honored pile cracked, and roared, and flung out its red tongues of fire wholly unimpeded.

A stable at some distance from the scene of conflagration received the ladies and four of their female domestics, who were all asking one another in hollow whispers where Polly the cook was.

Miss Tillysdales had but few thoughts to bestow on the consuming dwelling; she was bemoaning the loss of her jewels, and her neglected toilette, and casting jealous glances in the direction of Ralph Thetford, who was arranging a sort of couch of straw for pretty Dinah, who did not know how to express her thankfulness for all his attention and kindness to her.

"Oh, if it had not been for you, I should most certainly have perished in yonder flames!" she repeated over and over again. "Heaven surely sent you hither to be our deliverers!"

"What is to be done?" queried Miss Tillysdales, in querulous accents, addressing herself to no one in particular. "Look at our dreadful plight! We must not remain here till daylight! To be gazed at by vulgar eyes, in my present condition, would be the actual death of me!"

"We are strangers: we cannot presume to offer you any advice!" returned Ralph.

"I wish I hadn't parted with my servant-men!" wailed the lady, heedless of the young man's words. "But they were really so insolent, I could no longer endure them; so they were dismissed only four days ago! I'll make you an offer!" she went on, turning to Ralph. "You have been very kind to us all on this terrible occasion; so, if you like, I will engage the whole three of you, although I cannot say that I wholly approve of, or shall ever confide in, that Red Hand. What say you to my proposals?"

Hearing Miss Tillysdales's speech, Desmoro frowned and gnashed his teeth, while the two strollers quietly shook their heads.

"Well?" asked the ancient maiden. "Is no one grateful enough to make me an answer?"

"You spoke to me, madam, I believe?" rejoined Ralph.

"I did," she briefly returned.

"It is my duty, then, to reply to you, madam. My friend and myself are only a pair of poor strollers, very humble personages, indeed—vagabonds, in the eyes of the law—whom it would ill-become to aspire to the service of Miss Tillysdales. To be sure, we have both seen better days; but what of that? We have now donned the sock and buskin, and, by so doing, have lost caste for evermore!"

"Seen better days!" repeated the faded spinster with a burst of sympathetic ardor. "Ah, I thought as much! My delicate and acute perceptions are not to be deceived! I saw, at a glance, that you were a gentleman, just in the same way as I saw, that that Red Hand was exactly the reverse! Of course, I cannot offend a fallen man so far as to ask him to become my lackey! Pray, pardon me!"

Desmoro writhed in spirit. Miss Tillysdales's rude remarks galled him to the very quick; and he felt inclined to hate himself and every one around him. He knew he had gentle blood in his veins—blood as pure, perhaps, as that which flowed through her arteries—and he was longing to tell her so. He liked the two strollers who had so kindly befriended him, else he would instantly have flown away, far out of the sound of her detestable voice.

Miss Tillysdales who was very rich, but little regarded the loss of her property. The Hall had been in her family for several past generations, and she thought, that it was high time that it should go out of it. Her jewels and her cosmetics were the treasures whose loss she most deplored!

"Aunt," spoke Dinah, "suppose we were to have the horses put to the carriage at once; we might reach the 'Eagle Hotel,' at Blackbrook, in less than an hour from this—long before daylight appears!"

"And who's to put the horses to it, I should like to know?" answered the relative, wringing her hands. "I never was placed in such a predicament before—never, never!"

"I shall be happy to render you every assistance in my power, madam," responded Ralph. "My companion and I thoroughly understand all that you require doing; and, as our own destination happens to be Blackbrook, I shall be glad to act as your coachman for the occasion."

In gushing accents, Miss Tillysdales returned him a "thousand thanks" for his truly acceptable offer. She would be glad, she said, to get

away from the immediate neighborhood of Tillysdales Hall before the alarm of the fire should attract thither a crowd of idle louts, to stare at her, and make their clownish observations on her disordered costume. The lady, who was one of the most selfish of her sex, had no consideration for her young and pretty niece; indeed, if Dinah had been left to perish in the flames, her aunt would not perhaps have seriously grieved herself about the matter. There are some natures that cannot possibly be rendered tender or amiable: Miss Tillysdales's was assuredly one of these natures.

Jellico, Ralph and Desmoro now entered the coach-house, and dragging forth an old-fashioned, yellow chariot and the caravan, prepared them for travel. The old Hall was roaring and flaming away, and every object round about it was plainly visible, rendered so by the big blazes which were pouring themselves through every casement and loophole in the building.

The vehicles being in perfect readiness, the ladies and their servants now entered that which belonged to them.

Up to the present moment, Dinah had not missed the hapless girl who had been the unfortunate cause of this lamentable catastrophe. Now she asked anxiously for Polly; but no one could tell anything about her, as she had not been seen since the discovery of the fire.

Dinah listened in terror, and glanced at the burning mass before her.

"Poor Polly!" she cried. "She is lost beyond all hope of recovery—is she not, Mr. Ralph?" she added, addressing the young man by the name by which she had heard him called.

He shook his head in reply; while Miss Tillysdales, who was now comfortably ensconced in one corner of the equipage, wrapped in a couple of horse-rugs, was beginning to unpaper her hair, and draw out her wiry curls, apparently but little concerned respecting the loss of her poor domestic.

Ralph Thetford now took possession of the reins, and mounting to the coachman's seat, drove off towards the town of Blackbrook; Jellico, Desmoro, and the dog, Pluto, following with the caravan.

"I have only just escaped in time," remarked Miss Tillysdales, looking out of the carriage window, and pointing to some men who were hurrying along in the direction of the burning building.

Dinah made no reply. The gentle-hearted girl was thinking of the bright-faced woman whom she should never see again, and tears were coursing one another down her cheeks.

The town of Blackbrook being reached, Ralph drove up to the door of the "Eagle Hotel," and, alighting, rang its bell loudly.

The landlord stared when he learned wherefore he had been aroused at this untimely hour; and the ladies were at once admitted, and ushered into an apartment, where Miss Tillysdales, pretending to be suddenly overcome with her feelings, fell into a chair and sobbed hysterically. She perceived that they had been followed into the apartment by Ralph Thetford, and she was trying to get up a scene, in order to excite his interest in herself.

"Oh! I have borne up against it all, until I can bear up no longer!" she gasped forth. "Where is that worthy, noble creature, who has behaved so gloriously towards us all? Where is he?"

"Mr. Ralph is here, dear aunt," replied Dinah, feeling almost ashamed of her relation's somewhat extravagant language.

"Merely to return my grateful thanks for the generous manner in which Miss Tillysdales was pleased to entertain myself and my two companions, and to express my sincere sorrow at the shocking calamity which has just happened," said Ralph, still standing at the room-door, his hand upon the latch, as if about to depart.

"You are not surely going to leave us just yet?" queried the elder lady. "Ah, no, not just yet! Have pity on me, Mr. Ralph! I am a lone woman, without a single friend in the world; with no one by my side save this poor foolish child, Dinah. Pray, pray do not forsake me!"

"Dear madam, what can I possibly do for you?" asked he, in some embarrassment.

"Do! Oh, Mr. Ralph, become my steward, the manager of all my worldly affairs, and leave me no more!" sobbed forth the lady, in imploring accents.

Ralph smiled: he really could not help doing so. If Dinah Tillysdales had asked him to remain with her, perhaps he might have listened to her invitation, and probably have accepted it.

"You forget madam, what I am; and that our worldly positions are widely apart from one another; that I am only a poor stroller, you a rich lady! I have no pretensions to such an appointment as this you propose. Besides, madam, my present roving life suits my peculiar temperament. I was never intended for a sober, stay-at-home sort of existence, for I am a wild fellow, full of wild ways. Adieu, ladies!" he added, making his bow, and about to withdraw from the apartment.

"Whither would you go?" cried the lady, becoming greatly agitated, or pretending to become so. "Whither would you go?"

"To rejoin my companions, madam."

"In the road, and at this hour!" returned the lady. "Pray let your friends and yourself consider this hotel as my own house, wherein you will be welcome to abide for as long as it may suit your convenience and pleasure to do so."

Dinah's eyes brightened at hearing the above; but on Ralph replying that his business would not permit of his accepting Miss Tillysdales's generous and thoughtful offer, the young girl's eyelids drooped.

"At all events, you will not entirely desert me, you will sometimes look in upon me here?" said the elderly lady.

The stroller cast a glance at pretty Dinah, who was so silent and so modest, wishing in his inmost heart, that she would add her entreaties to those of her aunt. But gentle, feminine Dinah still remained as mute as before.

Presently he took his leave of the ladies, and, quitting the hotel, went in search of his companions, whom he found just entering the town. Then they repaired to a certain humble house of entertainment, affording accommodation for man and beast; and there took up their abode for the present.

On the following morning, the rest of the company, consisting of eight persons, male and female, arrived at Blackbrook, and put up at this same lowly hotel. Jellico's dramatic troupe was come to amuse and astonish the Blackbrook folk during fair time, and the festivities of approaching Christmas.

Now every member of Samuel Jellico's company labored for the general weal of the concern; alternately acting as carpenters, scene-painters, prompters, copyists, property-makers, wig-dressers, costumers, and bill-stickers. The business was a flourishing one; and the manager of it being an exceedingly generous man, the people about him were made contented and happy, and were ready to do everything they could to advance his interest as well as their own.

Desmoro's services were soon enlisted. He was strong for his years, energetic, intelligent, eager to be of use to his kind benefactor, and unflagging in his industry and perseverance. Whatever he was required to do, he seemed to understand it in a moment. The lad's clear brain appeared to grasp at everything, and he showed a hand as willing, and almost as cunning, as many of his elders.

"You're a smart one, anyhow, youngster!" observed a very diminutive man, who acted as clown, and was called "Shavings." His right name was Chavring; but owing to a careless pronunciation of its syllables, it had become "Shavings," and such it was now always printed in the play-bills.

Woodford Chavring little heeded the unimportant fact, and quietly suffered himself to be addressed as "Wooden Shavings," never once correcting the ludicrous perversion of his names. But he was a good-natured little fellow, who made sunshine for himself and others wherever he went. He was at once the pet and the butt of the whole company; but owing to his simplicity, and the gentleness of his disposition, he seldom noticed the practical jokes that were played upon him, and certainly never complained of them. He was over forty years of age, a widower, with one fair daughter—a girl of just fourteen summers old.

But to return to where I so clumsily broke off, in order to introduce the above character to your notice.

Shavings and Desmoro, mounted on ladders, were nailing up the proscenium, helping to make a barn look like a theatre; and the former was praising the latter for his attention and smartness.

"You handle a hammer capitally, What's-your-name. I really never saw such a clever chap!" continued the clown, still addressing my hero, and speaking with his mouth full of nails. "Where the dooce did you spring up from? Been amongst us sort of folks afore, eh?"

Desmoro shook his head. "No? Well, I never! What's your age?"

"I'm nearly sixteen, sir."

"Nearly sixteen! Well, I should think you was; and you such a bouncing size too—taller by a whole head than me, that's overgone forty, been married, and got a daughter."

Desmoro was surprised at the clown's ungrammatical language, and began to speculate on the probable line of business he pursued in his profession.

"There's a knocker'll have to be painted on that door," the mannikin went on, pointing to a scene which they were now proceeding to set. "That ain't a part of my business, seeing as how I can't draw a straight line, strive howsome-dever I will."

"I can paint a knocker," returned Desmoro, eagerly.

"You can, youngster!" exclaimed Shavings, elevating his eyebrows. "Bless the lad, I do think he can do everything!"

"Just you give me a brush, and some paint, sir, and you shall see!" added Desmoro, confident in his own abilities as a draughtsman.

Shavings, who had instantly supplied the lad's requirements, now stood still, watching the development of the door-knocker.

"First rate, my lad!" applauded he. "Quite natural like, ain't it? It strikes me that you could do almost anything you made up your mind to do. Do you think you could act?"

"If I tried, I daresay I could," was the prompt reply.

Shavings pinched his chin reflectively, and winked his sharp, gray eyes before he replied. "You're a fine fellow. By-and-by you'll be just the chap for a hero. Of course you'll play the leading juveniles first?"

"Leading juveniles!" echoed the youth, in considerable perplexity. "What are they?"

"Why, the Romeos, to be sure!" explained the clown. "I myself came out in the heavy business, made a dead failure of it, and got jolly well goosed into the bargain."

Desmoro opened wide his eyes and mouth, now more than ever bewildered and puzzled.

"What's the heavy business, sir?"

"Why, Macbeth, King Dick, Hamlet, Julius

Cæsar, King Lear, Coriolanus, and a heap of other chaps too numerous to mention."

"I understand perfectly, sir, thank you. And what's being goosed?" was the curious question, put with great earnestness.

Shavings laughed—a little chirping laugh it was, with mirth and simplicity in it.

"Being goosed, my lad, means being hissed at by the audience."

Desmoro lifted up his hands in mute astonishment.

"Ain't I making you wise, youngster?" pursued his companion, all the while proceeding with the work he had in hand. "I shall be as good as a father to you, if you haven't got any," he added, taking up a saw, and energetically using it.

"What characters do you enact?" inquired the youth.

"You mean, what business do I play. That's the style we professionals talk," the little man answered, with a very grand air. "There's another wrinkle for you. I shall be making an Admirable Crichton of you, it strikes me, What's-your-name. But, in reply to your question, I am Mr. Merryman."

"Sir?"

"I'm the merryandrew of the establishment, who sings comic songs, and dances to amuse the British public."

"Oh, indeed!" returned Desmoro, far from understanding the clown's explanation concerning himself. "I thought you spoke of your playing heavy business?"

"Ah! that's my legitimate line; only I wasn't properly appreciated in it," rejoined the little man, with a deep sigh; "and finding such to be the case, I at once abandoned it, and took to funnyments instead. I made my first appearance on any stage in the character of King Dick."

"King Dick," repeated the youth. "I never heard of him."

"Not of the crooked-back tyrant?" exclaimed Shavings, in astonishment.

"O—h! King Richard, you mean?"

"That's the chap—Hand here the hammer again, will you, Tuingumderry?" he added, on the ladder once more.

"My name is Desmoro, sir; Desmoro Desmoro," observed the youth very quietly, yet with a certain dignity of manner which naturally belonged to him.

"Desmoro Desmoro," repeated the clown, admiringly; "that name will look beautiful in print—haven't you the gluepot there?"

At this moment, a silvery voice was heard at the door of the barn, and immediately a young girl, carrying a small wicker-basket, made her appearance before the surprised eyes of Desmoro, who thought that some angel had just descended from the skies.

"Dad," she said, calling upon the clown, who was mounted at the top of a ladder, hammering away at the scenery—"dad, I've brought you something to eat."

At this, Desmoro drew his companion's attention to the presence of the speaker.

"Oh, it's Comfort, is it?" said the mannikin, glancing downwards, his features suddenly brightening at the sight of the girl, who nodded her head to him, and smiled pleasantly upon him.

"Bless her! she never forgets her old father," he continued, rapidly reaching the floor, and catching her in his arms. "This is my daughter, Desmoro; Comfort Chavring, or Shavings, it don't matter a brass button which," he added, with his chirping laugh, and a proud, fatherly air.

Comfort looked up somewhat shyly, and acknowledged the presence of our hero with a quiet bend of her head. Then she threw off her cloak, opened her basket, and taking hence a coarse, but spotless napkin—which she spread across her father's knees—a basin containing some humble Irish stew, and a knife and fork, pronounced the feast to be quite ready. Desmoro's eyes were riveted on the little form before him—on the violet-eyed, brown-haired damsel whom the clown called his daughter; but who resembled him in nothing save her kind smile and her simple manners. For Comfort was tall, with a well-proportioned, graceful figure, possessed of hands and feet of faultless mould, a pale, clear complexion, and one of the most musical voices in all creation.

Desmoro thrust his left hand into his jacket, and began to wonder whether Comfort would ever permit him to become her friend. He saw her now for the first time, and already a voice was whispering in his heart syllables that he had never heard before.

And who was she who had thus awakened in the forlorn youth's breast these strange and delicious feelings—who had cast a gleam of golden sunshine across his lonely and dreary pathway?

Only a poor stroller's child, a dancing-girl in booths, or barns, at town or country fairs!

No, no, no! Desmoro could not bear to reflect on her thus, for in his opinion, she was something altogether too beautiful and pure to be gazed at by any common eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

Shavings and Desmoro had become very friendly with each other, and Comfort's maidenly reserve having thawed itself away, the youth sometimes ventured to approach her. But he did so always timidly, as a devotee drawing near some sacred shrine.

Beautiful as the girl undoubtedly was, Desmoro was not long in discovering that she was also woefully ignorant. But that fact did not

give him any pain; on the contrary quite; he could now find an excuse for seeking her presence as often as he pleased, since he had offered to instruct her in all he knew himself.

The company had been in Blackbrook a whole fortnight, during which time Manager Jellico had won silver in plenty; and the cry of the townspeople was "Stay on! stay on!" a cry which Jellico felt considerable pleasure in attending to.

Meanwhile, Desmoro, in various ways, had been making himself useful to his benefactor. The lad had attempted almost everything, and had seldom failed in anything he sought to do. He copied out parts, he prompted, he daubed the scenes, he made stage properties, he carried messages, he used the hammer and nails, and he posted playbills upon the walls of the sooty old town; indeed, he was ever willing to work, ever willing to demonstrate his truly grateful spirit.

Desmoro, whose worldly possessions had all been lost in the late lamentable fire at Tillysdale Hall, would have been naked, indeed, had it not been for the thoughtful generosity of Samuel Jellico and Ralph Thetford, through whose united means he had been clothed in coarse, but seemingly garments, in which he looked not only respectable, but handsome as well.

One day our hero sought the worthy manager, and with some hesitation addressed him.

"If you please, sir," he commenced, blushing to the roots of his hair; "if you please, I am come to ask a very great favor at your hands."

Jellico raised his eyebrows in some surprise, and told the lad to name his request; whereupon Desmoro grew greatly confused, tried to speak; but, finding that the words would not come, he halted in his speech, and looked upon the ground.

"Holloa! Is anything the matter?" inquired Jellico, puzzled by the lad's manner.

"No, sir, nothing at all," was the sprightly answer. And the youth's handsome face lifted itself, looking the picture of contentment and happiness.

"That's well, my boy. Now?"

"Well, sir, I have it in my mind and my will to do somebody a little service—"

"Good."

"I wish to teach Comfort Shavings all I know myself, sir," was the reply, spoken in a low voice, and with some trepidation.

Jellico laughed outright; but instantly checked his mirth on seeing Desmoro's increasing confusion and uneasiness.

"And Comfort is willing to learn—to become your pupil, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, teach away, my lad; what on earth have I to do with the matter?"

"I want you to give me an hour's liberty every day, sir; I'll make up the lost time in some way or other, whenever you require me to do so."

"My good lad, take the hour and welcome; but beware of what this teaching may probably lead to. And yet, you are over young to fall in love with any one."

Desmoro opened his eyes to their fullest extent. Poor lad! he was perfectly unaware of the nature of his newly-born sentiments; he did not know that he was being taught to love, and that the clown's pretty daughter was instructing him in those lessons, which are so sweet to con, and oftentimes so bitter to forget.

The youth stammered forth his thanks for the favor accorded him by his benefactor, and at once left his presence to seek that of Comfort, to whom he communicated the welcome intelligence of which he was the bearer.

"I'm to teach you, Comfort!" he cried out, as soon as he saw her. "I'm to teach you, and won't I try to make you learn all I know myself! I've found some old volumes amongst the stage properties: a spelling-book, a grammar, and a dictionary. By-and-by, we'll endeavor to procure some others that will be needful for our studies; but you have heard the old saying, that 'we must learn to stand before we can attempt to walk.'"

And straightway the lessons were commenced; and an hour of happiness—of happiness such as his young life had never experienced until then—was Desmoro's. The teacher was patient and untiring in his endeavors, and his pupil was attentive and industrious as well. Thus matters favorably progressed between them, and Comfort's darkness was gradually lightened.

Well-pleased that his darling should acquire all the useful knowledge she could, the clown ever hailed Desmoro's daily visits with unfeigned joy and gratitude. Dear, simple-minded soul, he had no suspicion that these children were unconsciously weaving links to fetter one another's hearts!

One day, Comfort, catching sight of our hero's left hand, dropped her book in affright.

"Whatever have you done to your hand, Desmoro?" she cried. "Oh, dad, do come here and look at it!"

It was too late, the youth could not conceal his marked palm; so he showed it to the wondering Shavings and his daughter.

"My!" exclaimed the little man, examining that bright crimson stain, which was so hateful in Desmoro's sight. "I shall call you 'Red Hand!'"

"No—no!" half-shrieked the youth, in sudden terror. "Not that name, I beseech you!"

"Well, well; I was only in jest," returned Shavings, patting him on the shoulder. "Why my lad, you are trembling all over!"

"I always do tremble when people call me by that detestable name," answered Desmoro,

his features blanched and quivering, his accents unsteady and hoarse.

Comfort glanced at her tutor's face, surprised to see it so ruffled.

"Well, my boy, you'll be a marked man for life," pursued the clown. "However have you contrived to hide it from us until now?"

"I do my best to hide it from everybody," replied Desmoro, gloomily. "It was accident that showed it to Comfort just now."

"What'll you do with it when you shall act?" inquired Shavings.

Desmoro shrugged his shoulders, his eyes fixed on his open palm. "It seems like a ban cast upon me," he cried, burning tears forcing their way and trickling down his cheeks. "A cruel and everlasting ban! I wish I could rend or scorch off the horrible stain—I'd do so, whatever pain the infliction might give me!"

"And make a great noodle of yourself at the same time," laughed Comfort.

Just at that moment Ralph Thetford entered the clown's lodgings. The young man looked much excited, and after the exchange of a few words with Shavings, he withdrew, beckoning Desmoro, who at once took his leave, and followed him into the street.

"Desmoro, I am about to ask you to do me a great service," said the stroller, putting his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"I'll do it, Mr. Thetford—I'll do it, if it's within my power," he answered eagerly.

"You know that we are to leave Blackbrook to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"I know I may safely confide in you," proceeded Ralph, with a degree of embarrassment in his manner. "What do you think, Desmoro, I am going to run away with, and marry, Dinah Tillysdale?"

"You are going to run away with Miss Dinah Tillysdale, sir!" repeated the youth, in amazement. "I do not comprehend you, sir."

"No? Yet you are not a dull lad. Well, I'll briefly explain myself to you. I love Dinah, whom I have managed to see daily ever since we have been in Blackbrook, and Dinah loves me; but her aunt, who accidentally discovered our secret, is almost crazy about the matter, and has imprisoned her in her chamber, and is going to send her away, heaven only knows where. Now you understand the business thus far, eh?"

"Perfectly, I think, sir."

"Very good! You know the 'Eagle Hotel,' where the ladies are at present staying?"

"Yes, sir. It stands at the corner of the market-place, opposite the old Town Hall."

"Exactly!" returned Ralph, his chin in his hand, his breast full of love, and his brain distracted with a score of half-formed schemes.

"What can I do to assist you, sir?" asked Desmoro, earnestly.

"After the performance to-night, be in waiting for me at the end of the Laurel Road, and I will then instruct you how to help me."

"I shall observe you, sir."

"Be secret, Desmoro!" warned Ralph, his cheek pale, his gay spirit much subdued.

"Don't fear me, sir."

"I never shall do so, my boy."

"Thank you, sir."

"After the performance to-night, at the end of Laurel Road, remember!"

"I shall be there, sir."

And, with those words, the stroller walked one way, and our hero the other.

Desmoro went along musingly. He liked Ralph Thetford very much indeed, but he was asking himself whether he should be acting rightly in assisting him to carry off Dinah Tillysdale.

Desmoro had upright notions about most things, for his grandfather's teachings had strongly inculcated in his young mind the principles of truth and honesty, and he did not like to engage himself to act in any affair that was not strictly within the pale of honor. But when he reflected on crabbled Miss Tillysdale, and on how much she might probably persecute pretty Dinah, were she not quickly snatched out of the old lady's envious and vengeful clutches, he felt ready to do his very utmost in order to assist the lovers.

Accordingly, after the performance was concluded that night, instead of eating his frugal supper, and afterwards retiring to rest behind the scenery in the old barn, Desmoro stole out, and directed his footsteps towards Laurel Road, where he found Ralph Thetford, furnished with a lantern, impatiently awaiting his coming.

"That's a good lad!" exclaimed the stroller. "I felt certain you wouldn't fail me."

"What are you going to do?" asked Desmoro, anxious to know what share he would be required to take in the night's adventure.

"Now, listen!" said Ralph. "Directly under Miss Tillysdale's bedroom window, which is of no particular height, there is a pear tree."

"I'm following you, sir."

"Now, could I climb into that tree, and reach the balcony which it overhangs, I could enter the chamber without difficulty, and release Dinah, who is confined in a room adjoining that of her aunt. The old lady, I am informed, sleeps too soundly to be aroused easily; so we shall have very little to fear on her account."

"But the people belonging to the hotel?" suggested Desmoro.

"Oh, they will all be fast enough, I warrant!" replied Ralph, quite confidently. "Besides, that wing of the building, which is at present being occupied by Miss Tillysdale and her niece, is divided from the main part of the house—away from the servants' offices, and entirely private."

"I see, sir. And is it Miss Dinah's wish to run

away after this sort of fashion? Is she prepared for the business?"

"Quite. The poor girl, who is wretched with her aunt, loves me as dearly as I love her, and is both willing and ready to unite her fortunes with my fortunes—her life with my life. She will have a handsome fortune of her own when she arrives at her one-and-twentieth year; but her money is mere dross in my eyes, it is her dear self whom I wish to possess, I scorn to cast a single thought on anything else."

"I comprehend, sir," replied Desmoro, pleased to hear his companion thus express himself.

"And you will aid us, will you not, boy?"

"I have promised so to do, and I am only waiting to receive instructions, that I may know the service you are wishing me to perform."

"That you shall know all about it at once," answered Ralph. "You are only half my weight—a nimble fellow—accustomed to climb orchard trees."

"Yes, sir; and you want me to climb the one under Miss Tillysdales' window?"

"Precisely; and having gained access to the place, you must unlock a certain door which will present itself, and release Dinah from her confinement. The rest of the comedy she will instruct you how to enact. Are you willing to undertake the task I propose?"

"Yes, sir; but suppose Miss Tillysdales should awake, and catch me breaking into her chamber?"

"Pooh! Don't I tell you that she sleeps as soundly as a church?"

The youth hesitated, he did not like to engage himself in the proposed enterprise; neither did he like to recall his word, now that it had been pledged. He had no cowardly quakings, not he; but he was of a sensitive disposition, and afraid of being caught in the act of committing wrong of any kind.

"Well?" said Ralph, questioningly.

"If I were but sure that Miss Tillysdales would not awake and catch me," faltered Desmoro.

"Pshaw! Don't think of the old lady; think of how Dinah and I shall bless you. If she do not escape from out of her aunt's clutches to-night, to-morrow will most likely see her removed out of my reach for ever!"

"I like Miss Dinah very much—"

"Of course you do, my lad, and you like me also, don't you?"

"Most sincerely, sir, and with good reason do I do so, for you have been a very kind friend to me."

"Oh, never mention such nonsense," returned Ralph. "I do not ask you to serve me because I imagine that you are under obligations to me."

"No, no, sir!"

"But because I know of no other person save yourself to whom I could apply for aid in this delicate and most important piece of business. You cannot understand the hopes and fears in my breast at the present moment, Desmoro; but some day you may, perhaps, do so. If I lose Dinah Tillysdales, I'll go and enlist for a soldier at once, and pray that I may fall at the firing of the first gun!"

Ralph's hitherto gay spirit had vanished, and his voice was so full of earnestness and emotion, that Desmoro's feeling heart was touched and wholly subdued.

"Come on, sir," he said resolutely, and leading the way as he spoke. "I am ready to face a dozen Miss Tillysdales for your sake!"

"My good, good lad!" returned the stroller, very gratefully, at the same time snatching off his hat, and throwing it up in the air. "Now could I catch thee in my arms, and hug thee to my breast, were it not womanish to do so?"

Desmoro laughed, and the pair proceeded onwards through the dark and peaceful street of the old town, until they reached the "Eagle Hotel," which was closed, and all its inmates gone to rest.

"All seems quiet enough everywhere, Desmoro," whispered Ralph, making his way round the rambling, old-fashioned building, till they passed before a wing of it—a low, balconied tenement, which looked as if it did not belong to any one but itself. Here was the tree, whose branches, bare though they were, cast the place in partial shade and gloom.

Ralph's lantern was now concealed underneath his cloak—which garment had been borrowed for the occasion from the theatrical wardrobe of Samuel Jellico, manager—and the stroller and his young companion stood listening and watching for a time.

"Those branches are not very strong," observed Desmoro, glancing upwards in the tree.

"I know as much: hence my objection to climb up to my love's lattice."

"Oh, I have no fear."

"Then let us lose no more time," was the answer. "I will await here the unclosing of the door."

"All right!" said Desmoro, at once vaulting into the tree, and thence springing upon the balcony. "How am I to unfasten the casement? I forgot all about that business!" he added, in sudden dismay.

"The casement is already unfastened; Dinah herself took care of that matter," answered Ralph, in a loud whisper. "Push it."

"Hush!" cried Desmoro. "I fancy I hear some one stirring inside!"

"Nonsense! Push softly, and enter without any further ado: Dinah will be waiting for you."

"There is a light in the chamber, sir!"

"All the better for you: you will not have darkness to contend with."

(To be continued.)

THREE PICTURES.

I.

Our tiny baby-boy, just one year old, Scarcely as yet a claimant on our love, So fresh from Angel-land; and yet we said, "It will be pleasant, in the days to come, To have his portrait by us; to look back Into the olden time when we were young, To see in manhood what the child was like." And so we kept the little portraiture, And smiled above it, as the years went by.

II.

A child e'en yet, but full of boyish life, His bright sun-picture is before me now, With such a glory on his fair round front, And locks of sunniest gold. Five happy years Had left him still the darling of our home; No after-comers ever spoilt his right, For was he not our first, the head and crown Of all our earthly hopes?

III.

An angel-child With all the beauty on his marble brow, And all our old love deepened manifold, Yet changed; our own, but not as heretofore. The angels claimed him back again; and straight We clad him in his pure white wedding-robe, And laid him 'neath the shadow of the Cross, To sleep 'mid flowers in his garden-grave, And go before us to the Waiting-land.

Yet once again his portrait. Quite the last, Swathed in his death-robe, folding little hands, With poor dried flowers on his pulseless breast. We may not guess what now our boy is like, Yet we shall know him—we are sure of that, When to the Deathless Shore we wend our way, And see him as he is; where all our tears Are wiped away; where there is no more pain Of parting, such as vexed us years ago, When on the canvas that last portrait lived—For all the former things have passed away.

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

NO. 1.

THE RIFLE BRIGADE (THE OLD NINETY-FIFTH).

A period like the present, when the army has been almost totally reorganized, and many of its abuses swept away, seems peculiarly adapted for some brief historical and anecdotal sketches of celebrated English, Scotch and Irish regiments. From the new platform we can look back and sum up the brave deeds and chivalrous exploits of our old soldiers, and gather from half-forgotten autobiographies and memoirs, both of officers and privates, many interesting illustrations of old warfare in the countless fields where our ancestors gathered laurels, and bound victory to their standards. From all of them we draw this inference, that we may have better organization, but truer and stancher men it will be impossible to rear; let us hope that the young soldiers who read these chapters may learn from them to emulate (if they are unable to transcend) the glory of their sires; the sons of the "Die-hards" of Waterloo were the heroes of Inkermann and Lucknow.

In the old Peninsular days, when a recruiting sergeant of the gallant Ninety-fifth entered a country town in his grave green and black uniform, with the many-colored ribbons fluttering from his shako, the country lads and lasses, gathering round the drum and fife, would listen with awe and delight as the plausible and not too modest hero shouted:

"All you young fellows of spirit here come and enlist in the Rifle Brigade. That's the place for you. Hurrah for the fighting Ninety-fifth, that is always the first in the field and last out of it."

Recruiting sergeants are not perhaps always to be taken quite at their own valuations; but those dark green men certainly did not claim too much, in this instance at least. From Copenhagen to Lucknow, the names blazoned on the banners of the Rifles tell of many a hot corner where the dark men have been the first to enter and the last to leave. At Vimiera and Corunna, at Busaco and Barossa, at Badajoz and Waterloo, the Rifle Brigade has gone to the front without brag and without delay; and under many a Pyrenean rock, and many a Spanish cork-tree, lie the bones of our brave riflemen. At Fuentes d'Onoro they were not slack; at Ciudad Rodrigo their rifles were heard; at Salamanca, they were not the last among the Frenchmen; at Nivelle they were in the thick of it; at Alma and Inkermann they held their own against the stubborn grey-coats. The last time we heard of these fighting men of ours they had exchanged a region of snow for a region of fire, and were at Lucknow driving bullets into many a Sepoy murderer, the sight of their dark green uniforms bringing joy and gladness to many an English heart.

Some of the Peninsular "affairs" in which the old Ninety-fifth distinguished themselves, and a few of the battles and sieges in which they snatched laurels from the fire, it is our purpose to sketch, as much as possible from the mouths of eye-witnesses. A revival of

these old adventures will warm the hearts of veterans, and make the eyes of the young soldiers of the present time sparkle. They will show the military student of the present day the changes that warfare has undergone, and convince him that the prowess of our sires is not easily to be surpassed.

After the glories and disasters of Sir John Moore's retreat, the men of the Ninety-fifth, says an old rifeman, in his Random Shots, were all that a soldier could love to look on—bronzed, hardy dare-devils, perfect workers in ambush, and excellent shots, whose perfect discipline consisted in doing everything that was necessary, and nothing that was not. Every man enjoyed his work, every man loved the regiment like his own father. It was such a favorite corps just then with the militiamen, that in three days' volunteering, after the return from Corunna, the Ninety-fifth, it is said, received a thousand men over the complement, which compelled the Horse Guards to give an additional battalion to the corps.

The affair at Calcabellos was a regimental fight, often talked of as a gallant thing round the mess-table and the bivouac fires of the Ninety-fifth at that time. It had happened in 1809, during the retreat of Sir John Moore.

Moore, followed by herds of muleteers, plunderers, drunken soldiers and stragglers, dying of cold, hunger and wounds, had pushed up from Salamanca into the mountains of Galicia. At Calcabellos, a small town four miles from Villa Franca, we made a stand against an enemy always more fierce and daring for success. The Guila, a deep stream, crossed by an old stone bridge, ran through the place. The Villa Franca side—a hill, as Napier describes it, rough with vineyards and serrated with stone walls—was occupied by two thousand five hundred of our red-coats and a battery of six guns. Four hundred of the Ninety-fifth, and about the same number of cavalry, were posted on a hill two miles further back to hold the roads leading to Bembridge and Foncevadron, where the French were expected. A little after noon, on the 3rd of January, General Colbert approached us with six or eight squadrons, and seeing the clumps of red on the hill by Calcabellos, sent to Soult for reinforcements.

Soult, not believing we were going to make a stand here, sent back somewhat contemptuous orders to Colbert to charge without delay. Colbert, pained by this reproach, charged with fury; the dark mass of riflemen which had covered the rear of our infantry, fell back when the French came in sight, and were just passing the bridge at Calcabellos, and with careless composure filing through the street, knowing that our cavalry were between them and the enemy, when our cavalry, apprehending an attack in force, came tearing over the bridge among them. A moment afterwards and the French cavalry, sabres up, were on the flag end of the Ninety-fifth, and thirty or forty men of the rear company were taken prisoners, and several cut down before they could use their rifles. Colbert had come to prove his knighthood, and over the bridge he charged, determined to do or die. But the men of the Ninety-fifth were cool and firm; they quietly drew off the road, right and left, into the vineyards, and there, over the walls, peeped the deadly barrels. They let the cavalry staff dash up to within a few yards, and then opened a fire that swept many a saddle. Plunkett, a young athletic Irishman, and a deadly shot, kept well to the front, determined to single out Colbert, the leader on the white horse. "You too shall die, my boy," he cried, and down at the next shot rolled Colbert. The French voltigeurs at this swarmed over the river, and closed in thick and fast on our green-coats; but a galling fire held them in check, and they made little progress towards the fiery vineyards. Then, eager for their share, down hurried the Fifty-second from the ridge to close with the French, and pell-mell the skirmishers went, till night came on. Merle's division tried in vain to turn our left, being checked by our battery. Till ten at night the Ninety-fifth fought slowly backward among the vineyards, the enemy repeatedly pressing them to ascertain if our army were on the move, but never finding out what he wanted to know till day-break.

In the battle of Sabugal, April the 3rd, 1811, the men in green were, as usual, among the foremost. Massena, driven from Portugal, was reluctantly falling back into Spain. On the banks of the Coa he resolved to make a stand, and chose Sabugal, at a bend of the stream, for a fighting-place. The town was on a slope, surrounded by woodlands.

It was a foggy morning when Colonel Beckwith, commander of the First Brigade, led off four companies of the Ninety-fifth, followed by the Forty-third Regiment, across a ford of the Coa where the water was waist high. In the fog Erskine's Dragoons lost their way, and fifteen hundred of our men were thus left to oppose half the French army, strongly posted. Regnier's whole corps was in front, half hidden in fog; twelve thousand infantry, supported by cavalry and artillery. Up the wooded hill went the Rifles, the bugles sounding as they dispersed in skirmishing order. Beckwith's tall, commanding figure and noble face towered above them all. He was a man, Napier says, with generous warmth, able to rally an army in flight. The four companies drove back the French light troops, but a wall of men rose over the summit of the hill, against whom the Rifles could make no head; the Rifles then opened out to allow the Forty-third to advance; a tearing volley and a charge of steel soon sent the French rolling into the valley below, and again the dark green men spread out in front,

two and two, "sticking to the French like leeches." Beckwith was the life and soul of the to-and-fro fight round the summit; his calm, clear voice was distinctly heard over the roar of battle, and gave new heart to his men. Twice that hero led successful charges against overwhelming masses with but two companies of the Forty-third. Once his two companies were opposed to a fresh column in front, while others were advancing on his flank. It was time to retreat; and Beckwith called out:

"Now, my lads, we'll just go back a little, if you please."

On hearing this the riflemen began to run, but he shouted again:

"No, no; I don't mean that. We're in no hurry; we'll just walk quietly back, and you can give them a shot as you go along."

The men, instantly halting, opened a stinging fire, and he rode on quietly among them, the blood streaming down his face, where a musket ball had shaved it. Presently he called out:

"Now, my men, that will do. Let us show them our teeth again. Halt—front—advance! Now you rascals," he called out, shaking his fist at the foe, "come on if you dare." But the French could not screw themselves up the hill, and by this time two battalions of the Fifty-second had come to the front, and were hammering at their right, while the Rifles were pelting their front and left. One more dash with the Forty-third, and our other divisions closing in, Regnier and his red-trousers fled. In his despatch home, Wellington said that "this was one of the most glorious actions that British troops were ever engaged in." During the fight, says Captain Kincaid, a spaniel belonging to one of the Rifle officers ran about barking at the balls, and was once seen snuffing at a live shell, which exploded in his face without hurting him.

The siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, January, 1812, again saw the Ninety-fifth ready for their work. The dark green men were told off to dig holes near the walls, and pick off the gunners at the embrasures. On the 18th, at night, when the necessity of "storming" was announced, a hundred and twenty of the Rifles volunteered among the foremost. They were led by Captains Mitchell and Johnstone, and Lieutenant Kincaid, the whole storming party being under the command of Major Napier, of the Fifty-second. At dark, when the words went round to "Fall in and form," the forlorn hope drew up behind a convent, and General Crawford addressed them:

"Soldiers, the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady—be cool—be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night."

A solemn silence fell on the men, says Costello, an eye-witness. The general shouted, "Now, lads, for the breach," and they started at the double. As they turned round the convent wall, the space between the stormers and the breach grew one blaze of blinding light with the French fire-balls, and the glare led them on to glory. Nearer the walls canister, grape, round shot, and shell poured round them, mixed with a hailstorm of bullets. General Crawford fell almost immediately, mortally wounded. Dashing on at the wall, the forlorn hope, without waiting for the cowardly Portuguese with their bags of hay and straw, leaped headlong sixteen feet into the ditch, and one or two ladders being brought and placed against the scarp, mounted up to the breach. Time after time the first comers were swept down dead and wounded, till at last a lodgment was made. The third division gave a cheer at the second breach, and this stirring the riflemen and their fellows to madness, in they went, over the splintered and broken wall, among the bayonets, swords, and fire-vomiting guns. Suddenly, Napier staggered and would have fallen back into the trench had not a rifeman caught him. His left arm was shattered.

"Never mind me," he cried; "push on, my lads; the town is ours."

A few moments after, the French sprang a mine, that destroyed Captain Uniacke, of the Ninety-fifth, and many of the stormers. The French, as they retreated along the ramparts, kept up a fire. One of the Ninety-fifth, falling over a howitzer, stumbled against a cannoner who was stooping across a wounded officer. The gunner had bent our man almost double, when some of the Ninety-fifth ran up and bayoneted the Frenchman. Napier and others were, it was supposed, killed by shot from the frightened Portuguese on the glacis. The breach was a dreadful sight, says one who was there. The bodies lay stripped, half buried under the blackened stones, and limbs, torn off by the explosion, were strewn about. Groping among the mangled bodies of the Connaught Rangers, were poor Irish-women trying to decipher the disfigured faces of their husbands. By the Ninety-fifth, Uniacke was much lamented, for he was affable to the men, and his chivalrous courage was notorious. As the soldiers used to say, "He does not call out, 'go on,' but 'come on.'"

Speaking of the conduct of the men of the Ninety-fifth during this siege and elsewhere, Captain Kincaid says in his Random Shots:

"I have often heard it disputed whether the most daring deeds are done by men of good or bad repute, but I never felt inclined to give either a preference over the other, for I have seen the most desperate things done by both. I remember one day, during the siege, that a shell pitched in the trenches within a few yards of a noted bad character of the Fifty-second regiment, who rather than take the trouble of keeping out of the trench

until it had exploded, went very deliberately up, took it in his arms, and pitched it outside, obliging those to jump back who had taken shelter from it. A wild young officer, who died at Waterloo," says the same writer, "was at variance with his father on the subject of pecuniary matters, and in mounting the breach at Ciudad, sword in hand, while both sides were falling thick and fast, he remarked to a brother officer alongside of him, in his usual jocular way, 'Egad, if I had my old father here now, I think I should be able to bring him to terms.'"

On one occasion, when the Ninety-fifth was covering a retreat, a superior body of the French burst upon the post of Lieutenant Uniacke, compelling him to fight rather than to save his men in green, and he himself narrowly escaped the clutch of a short stout French officer in a cocked hat, and a huge pair of jack-boots. Uniacke was one of the most active men in the regiment, and when the supports came up and turned the tables, he resolved to give his fat friend a run in return, expecting to have his knuckles in his neck before he had got a few yards, but the fat Frenchman plied his legs as if he wore seven-leagued boots, and was soon out of Uniacke's reach.

At another time, when Colonel Beckwith was holding the pass of Barba del Puerco with four companies of the Ninety-fifth, the Rifles won another feather for their cap. The French General Ferey, a bold and enterprising soldier, made a night attack on the post with six hundred chosen grenadiers. One sentry on the bridge was snapped before he could fire, and another was bayoneted. A sergeant's party higher up the rocks had just time to shoot, and alarm the company on picket under O'Hara. The men had hardly snatched their rifles before the enemy were among them pell-mell. They, however, fought bravely, hand to hand, back to the top of the pass, when Sidney Beckwith's companies, starting from sleep, rushed forward to their support, and with a thundering discharge, hurled back the too-confident assailants into the ravine below, and back over the bridge. During the fight Beckwith observed a French grenadier close to him taking deliberate aim at his head. Stooping suddenly down and picking up a stone he shouted, "You scoundrel, get out of that." This disconcerted the man's aim, and Beckwith escaped with only his cap blown to pieces.

In one smart action (for the glory of a regiment like this consists as much in individual deeds as in collective courage), the Ninety-fifth, having driven in the French tirailleurs, were suddenly stopped by a terrific fire from regiments in line, and had to take shelter behind trees and under hillocks. Ten minutes the bullets had hailed fast, when suddenly a young scampish rifleman named Priestly, whose hot blood ebbed at this concession, started out from behind his tree, and shouted:

"Well, I'll be hanged if I'll be bothered any longer, so here's at you," and fired his rifle coolly at the French, reloading very deliberately. His comrades, leaping up, followed his example, and the French, panic-struck at such audacity, took to their heels without firing another shot. In the same action a rifleman was in the act of taking aim at a Frenchman when a hare crossed between them; the muzzle of the rifle mechanically followed the hare in preference, and as the animal was doubling into our lines a Rifle officer struck up the piece with his sword, as the man would have shot one of our people, so blindly intent was he upon the game before him.

At Casal Nova, some of the Ninety-fifth displayed the coolness of Roman heroes. A section of a company had been thrown forward among the skirmishers, and two of the men were sent to a small eminence to watch the enemy. They got behind two pieces of rock, against which, in a few minutes, flattened hundreds of bullets. The moment he was under cover, a sturdy old rifleman, one Rouse, lugged out his rifle to give them a return shot, but the sight of even his nose brought a dozen inquiring bullets to the spot, on seeing which Rouse said to his companion, "We must just wait till the shower is over."

Badajoz was the next place where the Ninety-fifth earned a plentiful harvest of glory. The Rifles were often in the trenches, and distinguished themselves by their dare-devil hardihood, and there were, as might be guessed, plenty of the Ninety-fifth among the stormers. Four companies of the Rifles, under Colonel Cameron, were sent to line the crest of the glacis, and fire at the ramparts and the top of the left breach. The stormers, having had a double allowance of grog, for which most English soldiers would storm the hottest place known, fell in at about eight p.m., April the 8th, 1812. The right files of the leading sections were chosen to carry the ladders. Each ladder was carried by six men, each of whom also carried a sackful of hay to pad the trench. Lieutenant Johnson, of the Ninety-fifth, headed the forlorn hope with a party carrying ropes prepared with nooses, to throw over and drag down the beams stuck with swordblades, that stopped the breach; but this brave man and his whole party were struck down before they got half-way. A shot came from Fort St. Roche, and another from the town; through the glare of the fireballs, and a whirlwind of grape-shot, canister, and small arms the stormers reached the glacis, thirty yards only from the walls, and put the ladders down the ditch. Edward Costello, a non-commissioned officer of the Ninety-fifth, in his interesting *Adventures of a Soldier*, has described the scene of horror in which he himself was foremost.

"Three of the men," he says, "who carried the ladder with me, were shot dead in a breath, and its weight falling upon me, I fell back with the grass bag on my back. The rest of the stormers rushed up, regardless of my cries, or those of the wounded men around me, for by this time our men were falling fast. Many in passing were shot and fell upon me, so that I was actually drenched in blood. The weight I had to sustain became intolerable, and had it not been for the grass-bag, which in some measure protected me, I must have been suffocated. At length, by a strong effort, I managed to extricate myself, in doing which I left my rifle behind me, and drawing my sword, rushed towards the breach. There I found four men putting a ladder down the ditch; and not daring to pause, fresh lights being still thrown out of the town, with a continual discharge of musketry, I slid quickly down the ladder; but before I could recover my footing, was knocked down again by the bodies of men who were shot in attempting the descent. I, however, succeeded in extricating myself from underneath the dead, and rushing forward to the right, to my surprise and fear I found myself immersed to my neck in water. Until then I was tolerably composed, but now all reflection left me, and diving through the water, being a good swimmer, gained the other side, but lost my sword. I now attempted to make to the breach, which a blaze of musketry from the walls clearly showed me. Without rifle, sword, or any other weapon, I succeeded in clambering up a part of the breach, and came near to a chevaux-de-frise, consisting of a piece of heavy timber studded with sword blades, turning on an axis; but just before reaching it I received a stroke on the breast, whether from a grenade, or a stone, or by the butt-end of a musket, I cannot say, but down I rolled senseless, and drenched with water and human gore. I could not have laid long in this plight, for when my senses had in some measure returned, I perceived our gallant fellows still rushing forward, each seeming to share a fate more deadly than my own. The fire continued in one horrible and incessant peal, as if the mouth of the infernal regions had opened to vomit forth destruction upon all around us, and this was rendered still more appalling by the fearful shouts of the combatants and cries of the wounded that mingled in the uproar."

In the midst of the uproar and disgraceful rapine in the captured town, Costello relates seeing the duke surrounded by a number of drunken soldiers, who, holding up spirit bottles with the heads knocked off, were shouting:

"Old boy, will you drink? The town's our own. Hurrah!"

In this desperate assault the Ninety-fifth alone lost twenty-two officers killed and wounded, ten of whom died.

At the storming of San Sebastian the Rifle volunteers were wild to be chosen. A man named Burke, who had been on the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and was a man of desperate courage, was rejected because of his excesses. The man, however, besieged the adjutant's tent night and day for several days, and the officer at last yielded. Of the twenty-five chosen from the battalion, this Burke was one of the very few who escaped. The senior lieutenant, Percival, claimed the post of honor, and a young lieutenant also joined who had been in two forlorn hopes before. This brave man had a presentiment he would be killed, yet he actually exchanged from the trenches on purpose to join the storm. He was only half killed; a ball entering under his eye, passed down the roof of his mouth, through his palate, entered again at his collar-bone, and was cut out at the shoulder blade. He recovered. In one case twenty pounds were offered to and refused by a rifleman, who had drawn lots for a storming party.

At Waterloo, that end of all things, be sure the Rifles held their own. A rifleman is said to have fired the first shot in this battle at a French cuirassier vedette, whom he killed. The Ninety-fifth were stationed on the Namur road, about four hundred yards in the rear of La Haye Sainte, the left extending behind a broken hedge, which ran along the ridge. Three companies occupied a small knoll in front. "I had never heard," says a Rifle officer who was present, "of a battle in which everybody was killed, but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. Our division, which had stood up five hundred men at the commencement of the battle, had gradually dwindled down to a solitary line of skirmishers. The Twenty-seventh Regiment were lying literally dead in squares, a few yards behind us."

"At the commencement of the battle of Waterloo three companies of our regiment," says Captain Kincaid, "held a sandbank in front of the position, and abreast of La Haye Sainte, which we clung to most tenaciously, and it was not until we were stormed in front, and turned in both flanks, that we finally left it. Previous to doing so, however, a French officer rushed out of their ranks, and made a dash at one of ours, but neglecting the precaution of calculating the chances of success before striking the first blow, it cost him his life. The officer he stormed happened to be a gigantic Highlander, about six feet and a half, and, like most big men, slow to wrath, but a fury when roused. The Frenchman held that in his hand which was well calculated to bring all sizes upon a level—a good small sword—but as he had forgotten to put on his spectacles, his first, and last, thrust passed by the body, and lodged in the Highlander's left arm. Saunders' blood was now up as well as down, and with our

then small regulation half-moon sabre, better calculated to shave a lady's maid than a Frenchman's head, he made it descend upon the pericranium of his unfortunate adversary with a force which snapped it at the hilt. His next dash was with his fist (and the hilt in it) smack in his adversary's face, which sent him to the earth; and, though I grieve to record it, yet, as the truth must be told, I fear me that the chivalrous Frenchman died an ignominious death, namely, by a kick. But where one's own life is at stake, we must not be too particular."

How the gallant Ninety-fifth got through this ordeal of fire is naively described by an officer of the corps, who thus describes the regiment on its return to England after Waterloo:

"There was Beckwith," says the writer, "with a cork leg; Pemberton and Manners with a shot each in the knee, making them as stiff as the other's tree one; Loftus Gray with a gash in the lip, and minus a portion of one heel, which made him march to the tune of dot-and-go-one; Smith with a shot in the ankle; Keles minus a thumb; Johnston, in addition to other shot-holes, a stiff elbow, which deprived him of the power of disturbing his friends as a scratcher of Scotch reels upon the violin; Percival with a shot through his lungs; Hope with a grape-shot lacerated leg; and George Simmons with his riddled body held together by a pair of stays, for his was no holiday waist, which naturally required such an appendage lest the burst of a sigh should snap it asunder, but one that pertained to a figure framed in nature's fittest mould to 'brave the battle and the breeze!'"

On the 25th of August, the festive anniversary of the day on which the Ninety-fifth was originally raised, and called by "The Sweep" the regiment's birthday, toasts equally glorious as those of Salamanca and Waterloo are now drunk. The soldiers of Alma and Inkermann and Luconow may well congratulate themselves as being worthy successors of the dashing Peninsular fighting men, and the latest names inscribed on their roll of fame are honorable to the wearers of the dark green and black facings as any on the glorious list.

OUR HOME SERVICE.

"When your servants find out that you are ignorant of their duty, you may be assured that the family business will be ill done."

In the days of our great-grandmothers and grandmothers the management of a household and servants and some considerable knowledge of cookery were rationally held to form part of every girl's education. Now, however, the reverse is the case. In no class of society, as it at present exists, are young girls taught such things except in a haphazard, accidental, or perfunctory fashion, and certainly amongst the higher ranks of society domestic questions are hardly ever alluded to even, and it would be thought utterly *infra dig.* for the ladies Ethel or Madeline to have any knowledge of the culinary art or of the general details of home service.

What would be said if that esteemed and trustworthy woman, Mrs. Russett, the housekeeper, were called upon to take her turn in the school-room with the professors of music, of drawing, of German or Italian, to give an hour and a half's lecture to the young ladies twice a week upon practical housekeeping? What would be said if the Misses Pattur's prospectus of their establishment for young ladies contained an item amongst the extras setting forth that Signor Gallipoli, the eminent *chef de cuisine*, held a class four times a month for instruction in *les affaires de la cuisine et du ménage*: terms, two guineas per quarter? Why! modern society would believe the world was coming to an end, and probably there would be a general émeute amongst parents and guardians to suppress such ebullitions of vulgarity and bad taste, even if put forward in a less ostentatious fashion. No! better a thousand times that the mothers of our "lords to be" should remain in helpless ignorance of the management of their homes than that they should have their delicate minds sullied by such commonplace, menial ideas.

The result, therefore, of this great blank in female training is, that when the young wife for the first time finds herself placed at the head of a household, she is as completely at sea as a newly-joined ensign of a marching regiment who might be suddenly called upon to take command of the divisions of an army in the field. To put the machine in motion even is difficult, but to control it when once set going, with any rational views of adapting means to end, is entirely out of the question in both instances.

Open to impositions (whether arising from ignorance or something worse) from all quarters, but from her servants particularly, the young housewife would naturally seek advice, and any printed page dealing exclusively with this very important element of her establishment would be an extremely difficult, if not an impossible, thing to find. Cookery books and books devoted to all that therewith appertains abound, but these contain only the driest and scantiest hints with respect to her dealings with her servants. A few moral platitudes, not always in very good taste, inasmuch as they appear to dictate at what hour she should get up, how she should dress, what she should read, who her friends should be, and so forth, strung together with a few trite quotations from eminent authors (smacking, in fact, rather of the tone of a book of etiquette than of anything practical or useful), make up the whole store of information afforded.

Narrow-minded prejudice alone would echo the cry raised by certain well-meaning but non-discriminative housewives against the rapidly-multiplying advantages offered in the present day with regard to the higher education of women of all classes, on the plea that too great an amount of intellectual culture leaves no room for increased knowledge of domestic matters. The more thoroughly educated a woman is the better mistress of a household will she make. If she has been trained to habits of accurate thought the more able will she be to direct her establishment, not the minutest detail of which a clever, sensible woman will hold it beneath her to be acquainted with. She will know where interference should begin and end, and at once be able to place an error, in whatever department it may occur, at the right door.

And although much has been done for years past in setting on foot institutions for training servants, and although many influential country ladies have striven hard to teach the daughters of the labourers and petty farmers in their neighbourhood the several duties appertaining to cooks, housemaids, nurses, &c., an immense deal still remains to be done. Training institutions should be multiplied, and the sons and daughters of our labouring men led to understand that distinction and reward await all faithful and able members of our domestic "home service;" but it is much to be feared that at present in that department incapacity is the rule, and therefore it is that the young housewife at the outset of her career so much needs assistance.

To present her, therefore, with some sort of a guide in her intercourse with her servants, apart from bills of fare and recipes for succulent dishes, and to tell her what the actual duties of each domestic in her house really are, is the main object in view in some succeeding papers on "Home Service"—to afford her a manual of reference upon which she may rely, and which is the result of a wide personal experience and close intimacy with practical authorities. For the sake of systematising what has to be said, and facilitating reference, it will be desirable to classify the main points of the subject.

"Home Service" divides itself into two great classes, the in and the out door; but as the readers of *The Queen* have but little to do with the latter, the first will claim our sole consideration. The control of out-door service belongs to the master rather than to the mistress, and any discussion on it would be out of place in a ladies' newspaper; and even if it were not the fact that most gentlemen are very fairly acquainted with the duties of coachmen and grooms, gamekeepers and gardeners, all details respecting their daily works, and in what manner it can be most completely and perfectly performed, are set forth and treated of fully, in plenty of manuals already in existence.

The gardener, perhaps, is the only out-door servant who may legitimately come occasionally within the lady's dominion; but, with the exception of his supplying flowers, fruit, and vegetables for the table, he comes no more under the housewife's supervision than the gamekeeper; therefore, no space will be devoted to him, as it is solely towards the household servants that attention will be directed. Dealing, therefore, exclusively with in-door servants, we may consider them under the various heads of male and female, upper and lower; but, as female servants in the majority of households form the most important element, we may assign to them the first place. Under the head of each of the three principal departments of the "Home Service"—viz., the kitchen, the house, and the nursery—the duties of every individual member serving therein will be clearly set forth and enumerated.

In the servants' hall, the housekeeper, lady's maid, butler, and cook take precedence of all the other domestics, whose duties and position vary somewhat in different households.

Yet there is one person whose responsibility and importance must give her precedence over all, and who, as the guiding spirit of every household claims our first attention, and this naturally brings us to her whom Mr. Ruskin calls the "Domina," or house-lady.—*The Queen.*

"I suppose," said a physician, smiling and trying to be witty while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice, "I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware that you could discover a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

The Bishop of Wurtzburg once asked a sprightly shepherd boy: "What are you doing here, my lad?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care."

A few Portuguese and a few Chinese words, all wrought into Chinese idioms, make up the business language which is used between the Chinese and English speaking traders. This language is called "Pigeon-English." An Englishman translated into Pigeon the familiar address, "My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills my father feeds his flocks," and the result was, "My name is b'long Norval. Top side kehlampian hills my fader chow chow he sheep." But the next sentence beggared the language, and "A frugal swain, whose constant care is to increase his store," had to be freely "done" in this shape—"My fader very small heartee man—too much like dat pleats dolla."

ZERO IN THE SUN.

As rail-tracks shorten in the cold,
By Nature's great metallic law,
So shrinks the man of iron mould,
When these rude winds their weapons draw.
These "eager airs" of icy breath,
Whose myriad pontards, piercing, chilling,
Seem dealing back a vengeful death,
For cuts of that proverbial shilling.

The fuel-venders thank their stars
That Lehigh higher yet must go;
And babies cuddle close to Mars,
Because the Mercury is low;
And Sunday at the twilight hour,
Once lit by flames of tinder Venus,
My flame bewails, with visage sour,
The coldness that has come between us.

I'd fly to her, I'd break the ice
With burning words of desperate man;
But breaking ice is not so nice
When it means Fanny, be my Fan!
When ghosts of frozen smiles numb
The lovely lips that shiver bluely,
And when the cool reply may come—
"Ask Pa," and pa is Mr. Cooley.

I'll don my double-waisted hose,
I'll pile the grate with embers bright;
I'll read my Burns, and toast my toes,
And sing the songs the skalds indite.
Or hie me to some fur-rin shore—
Fire Island, or a land of geysers,
Or Hottentots, or hellebore—
To check my chattering incisors.

Drink ginger-tea as pudding thick,
Compounded in a red hot-can,
Stirred with fire-wood toddy stick,
And ladled with a warming-pan—
Unless some friendly foe instead,
Will hold me over Etna's crater,
Heap coals of fire upon my head,
And drop me like a hot potato.

For the Favorite.

ROSES IN THE SNOW.

BY BELLE LLE,
OF MONTREAL.

"Oh! Signor, I long to have you hear my sister sing," I said to my Italian *maestro* one day after I had finished my lesson and he had paid some trifling compliment to my vocal powers. "As soon as she returns from Toronto she will also be your pupil, and I am sure you will appreciate her magnificent voice."

"Ah!" he replied, indifferently, not once raising his immense black eyes from the roll of music he was tying, and evidently paying but little attention to my raptures, for, without vouchsafing another word, with a low bow, he left the room.

I walked slowly to the window and watched him as he descended the short gravel path before the house and thought rather triumphantly, though perhaps, too, a little sadly, "Once he has seen our dear Rosa, he will never leave her as he has just now left me; no one could," and I already imagined I could see the expression of supreme indifference which ever mantled my professor's face changing to one of intense interest on hearing my sister's voice, and his great melancholy eyes, which seemed as if during the forty years they had looked upon the world everything had appeared to them through a mist of tears, beaming with admiration on beholding her unsurpassed loveliness.

Thirteen years ago, on a beautiful wintry day, I, for the first time, was brought for a drive to Lachine. I am now nineteen, so although at the time I was but six years old, every event of that memorable afternoon is engraven on my mind as if it were but yesterday. I well remember how my father lifted me into the sleigh beside mamma and tucked the buffaloes round me, so that only my head could be seen; and then my brother Ned, who was four years older than I, jumped up in front and held the reins while papa got in.

"Hurrah!" cried Ned, cracking the whip, and away we went over the frozen snow, the ringing sleigh bells and my brother's laughing voice mingling together in my ears, as I sat behind, quiet as a little mouse. For a long time I was very still, but the bracing air and the swift, smooth motion filled me with animation, and I begged of papa to take me in front that I might watch the horses.

On, on we went, the bright sunshine sparkling o'er the smooth, spotless snow banks, making them look as if they were sprinkled with diamond dust, the tall trees spreading their arms, to heaven and moaning low, as the wintry winds passed through them, seemed to me as if repining for the beautiful green robes, and the little birds which in summer time filled them with life and song. On, on we went past pines rejoicing in their double vesture of green and ermine—past open fields with the fence tops peeping their dark heads from out great beds of down—past thickets from which at every moment I expected to see Red Riding Hood's wolf or the three bears of my nurse's tale emerging,

while to the left of us lay the great frozen St. Lawrence.

On, on we went, till the sound of water came to our ears. The horses stopped, and before us appeared the Lachine Rapids.

How my infantile mind expanded and my baby heart fluttered before that magnificent spectacle! Speechless, motionless, I remained gazing on the huge blocks of ice which had shoved up on all sides, some clear and pure as crystal, some topped with caps of snow which the wind had drifted into fanciful shapes, all white, all beautiful; and the rapids arose, seething and surging amid the rocks, their never-ceasing voice majestically defying the icy hand of winter from taking them in its grasp; while hanging over them, faintly and distinctly, like a crown of glory scarcely visible to mortal eyes, appeared the ever-changing, many-colored hues of a rainbow.

"Beautiful! grand!" exclaimed Ned; but I only nestled closer to papa and wondered if there were rapids in heaven.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon very pleasantly at Lachine, evening had come on and with it a heavy snow storm before we were again packed into the sleigh and the horses' heads turned homewards. I tried for a long time to keep awake, but Ned was quiet and the excitement of the day had been too much for me, so the music of the sleigh bells which had made me gay and bright a few hours before now lulled me into a sweet sleep from which I did not awaken till we suddenly stopped, and I heard my father excitedly saying,

"I wonder what it can be!"
I listened, and at last I heard a child singing a sweet melody in a low plaintive voice, and at intervals the moans of a person who seemed to be in pain. The night was very dark and the snow blinding, so several minutes elapsed before papa who had gone to see what was the matter returned.

"Drive on, Ned, a little farther," he said, "there is a poor woman who seems to be very ill and a little girl lying in the snow; there is no house near to bring them to so we must take them to town."

I was once more placed in front, and the stranger and her child having been lifted into my seat we drove on, very soon reaching home.

The doctor was summoned and declared the woman to be dying—dying of cold and want, but still more of sorrow. She was quite young, about twenty-three. An Italian you would immediately decide, not only from her dark enchanting face, but also from the language which flowed so musically from her lips as she tossed about in the delirium of fever. None of us understood her beautiful tongue, but every now and then a few words of pure, though foreignly pronounced, English, mingling in filled the hearts of her listeners with sorrow for her unhappiness and forlorn state.

Her clothing although much worn, her appearance and her speech proved her to be a lady, and the manners of the little one, who was but four years old, were what might be expected from a young princess. For three days mamma watched by her side, and she has often since said that never in her life has she seen a spectacle at once so beautiful and so heart-rending as that of the poor suffering creature who when raising herself up would cry out,

"My Terrence, my husband, come for me, come for me," her black eyes beaming with tender fervor, the deep red roses of fever burning upon her olive cheeks, and her crimson lips apart displaying two rows of faultless pearls. Then looking sadly around she would call for her little girl and whisper low—

"Canta, Rosa, canta per me."

The poor little thing, quite ignorant of the loss she was about to sustain, would lay her fair cheek on her mother's pillow and commence in her sweet baby voice the melody we had first heard, the words of which we did not understand.

Shortly before dying consciousness returned, and mamma wishing to find some clue to her friends asked for her name.

"Rosa McCarthy," was the answer.

"Where is your husband, dear?" asked mamma.

A great spasm passed over her features, she raised her small delicate hand to her brow as if to dispel the sad thoughts which that question awakened and said,

"My husband, my poor Terrence he died a year ago. It killed him, this dreadful climate."
"Have you any friends? Where is your home?"

"Oh, my home! I have none now; it was in beautiful Italy. But I left it. I left them all. I never can go back; they did not love him, my poor Terrence!"

This was all that could be learned from her, for she then asked for her child, and having tenderly kissed her she whispered again—

"Canta, Rosa, canta," and with the voice of her baby girl murmuring in her ear the air she seemed to love so much, her poor weary heart like a wounded bird fluttered for a moment and then was forever at rest, while her spirit soared away to that unknown world where sorrow enters not.

Papa made many inquiries concerning the strangers whom Providence had thrown upon his benevolence, but beyond the fact that during the past few months they had resided in Cornwall, Upper Canada, where Mrs. McCarthy had endeavored to give music lessons, but failed on account of her delicate health, we could discover nothing. Baby Rosa in the meantime had become very dear to us all and doubly dear to me who had never had a playmate but my brother; so it was decided by papa and mamma

that she would remain with us always and be brought up as my sister.

One day mamma wrapped up into a little parcel some few letters, tear stained, lovingly worded epistles signed "Terrence," which had been found in Mrs. McCarthy's pocket; the wedding ring which had been taken from the dead woman's hand, and a locket which had rested on her heart, in which, beside her own lovely miniature was that of a young handsome Irishman with a fair honest face and light curly brown hair. These were put carefully away where the eyes of little Rosa would never rest upon them, and from that day she became indeed our own.

It would be difficult to tell how dearly we grew to love each other, my little adopted sister and I; we shared each other's joys, each other's petty sorrows, we went to the same schools, we learned from the same masters; every advantage that was offered to me was also hers, and papa and mamma soon cherished us with an equal affection.

Rosa never forgot that she was not my real sister, but her remembrance of a time when she was not entirely ours was very dim and indistinct, and she never mentioned it. We learned Italian together, and often in the dreamy twilight hour, as she sat with her head resting upon my shoulder, she would murmur in a mezzo voice the sweet strains of the little song which had first led us to find her half-buried in the snow. During the last few months, Rosa not being quite well, the doctor had advised her to go away from home for a change, and, rather than leave mamma alone, I did not accompany her; so, being very lonely, I desired to take some singing lessons from a celebrated Italian musician who had lately come to Montreal. But I missed my sister even in my practice, and, as we all admired her voice extremely, I longed to hear the *maestro's* opinion of it.

It was at this time I told him of her.

A few days after, Ned, who was now a flourishing young lawyer, went to Toronto in search of Rosa and brought her home. When next my professor came, as soon as my lesson was concluded, I said:

"Signor, my sister has come."

The ever indifferent "Ah!" was his reply.

"Would you not like to hear her sing?" and seeing he hesitated—"Now, immediately?" I asked.

He took out his watch, looked at it, then at me, and smiling at my ardor, answered:

"Sicuro, Signorina, sicuro."

I ran directly for Rosa, and with my heart bounding with pride for her beauty and her talents, I led her before him.

Lovely, indeed, she looked as she entered the room, with a strange, peculiar style of loveliness which made one wonder what country had given her birth. Her skin was of the purest fairness, without a shade of color excepting upon the crimson pouting lips. Her hair was of a bright, golden hue, long, wavy and luxuriant, while her eyes were truly her mother's great Italian eyes, melting into a tender softness when her love or her pity were awakened, and flashing with hidden fire when her pride or her temper were aroused.

Contrary to my expectations, the professor did not seem to notice her beauty, so after a few words of civility had passed between them, she seated herself at the piano and glided her fingers rapidly over the keys.

I did not like to tell her what to sing, but I inwardly hoped she would choose some difficult *moreau* from one of the Italian operas, in which her voice would appear to its fullest advantage, when, the symphony sounding, I discerned the at once gay and plaintive melody of her baby years—"her own song," as we called it, which I had never before heard her sing in the presence of strangers:

They blame me for loving the handsome young stranger,

Who's come to our clime from the far-distant North;

They ask why I seek him, they tell me there's danger

In the tender warm blushes his presence calls forth.

They say 'tis not love, and they call it illusion,

If so 'tis a vision by angels brought down;

'Tis the light of my heart, 'tis a happy delusion,

For to my young life 'tis the joy and the crown.

Oh, dark would this world be should I e'er awaken

To find like a flow'r it had faded away;

Or like a pet bird its lone flight it had taken

And left me to mourn it by night and by day.

But no, his low voice was ne'er meant to deceive me,

I trust every word he has breathed in my ear;

I gave him my hand and I knew he'd believe me

That more than all else under Heav'n he was dear.

So farewell to my home that forever I'm leaving;

Farewell to thee, father, and brother so kind;

I go with a heart full of trust, well believing

I've met one as tender as those left behind.

'Tis hard so to part, and it grieves me sincerely,

To know that your blame casts a cloud o'er my joy;

But since I must choose, tho' I love you all dearly,
Far dearer I hold him—my own Irish boy.

Clear and full her voice arose, full of depth and pathos, her wonderful power of expression giving a force and poesy to the simple words which they otherwise would never have known; while the air was so strangely vivacious and yet so plaintively sweet that it cast a spell over me which I regretted to break, and the last note had died away on the air several seconds before I raised my eyes.

When I did I beheld Signor Martinelli standing close behind my sister, his arms folded upon his breast, his face pale and rigid as marble. For a long time he uttered not a word; when he spoke his voice trembled, and, with his piercing black eyes fixed upon Rosa, he asked abruptly:

"Where did you learn that song?"

She looked at him in surprise, and hesitatingly answered:

"I scarcely remember. I learned it very long ago."

"But where? From whom? Tell me girl, I beseech you."

Rosa was frightened at his vehemence, and the tears were in her eyes as she said:

"Well, I think it must have been from my mother."

"From you?" he said, turning to mamma, who having heard all in an adjoining room was now coming forward.

"No," she answered, and seeing the expression of intensely painful suspense upon his face, she went over to Rosa and taking her hand said:

"This darling girl was not always ours; when about three years of age we found her with her Italian mother in the snow; her mother died and I have striven to take her place; that song she must have learned with the first words she strove to pronounce, it was through it we were led to find her."

Great beads of perspiration were on the professor's brow as he huskily asked:

"Do you know what the woman's name was?"

"Rosa McCarthy," mamma replied.

"Great God! can it be possible?" he exclaimed, burying his face in his hands, his whole frame shaking with suppressed emotion. After a little while he grew more calm and turning to mamma he said:

"Years ago, in Italy, I had an only sister beautiful as a seraph whom I loved with all the strength and devotion that a brother can give. We lived with my father and were of a very respectable family, but reduced in circumstances. My father hoped that my sister who was then eighteen would retrieve our fortunes by marrying one of the wealthy suitors who applied for her hand; but she, having met a young Irishman named Terrence McCarthy, who had come to seek health in our climate, was loved by him and loved him in return. He sought to marry her; but my father most indignantly forbade him to approach her again. I, jealous that anyone should win my sister's affection from me, urged him to keep them apart, which he tried to do; but my sister's proud and passionate nature revolted against such treatment and she fled. My father would allow no inquiries to be made about her; but I ascertained that she was married to McCarthy at the nearest village, and in her writing desk I found those verses which have just been sung. That air was one which I composed myself, and which my sister dearly loved."

At this juncture his voice nearly failed and he added:

"Judge, now, whether I have not reason to be surprised and moved. I have sought her all over the world, but never found clue of her until to-day."

Mamma arose, and unlocking a drawer in her private desk, she took from a parcel a small gold locket, and opening it presented it to him.

"'Tis she, 'tis she," he cried, "my beautiful sister," and the tears rushed from his eyes.

Rosa was all this time by my side, her head resting on my shoulder, her slight frame quivering with sobs; but he seemed to have forgotten her existence till mamma leading her to him said:

"This, then, is your sister's child."

He laid his hands on her shoulders, and looked long and earnestly into her face, as if to make sure that such was indeed the case, then he muttered:

"Terrence McCarthy's hair and complexion; but Rosa Martinelli's eyes. My niece, my dearest niece," and he held her long and tenderly to his heart.

Over and over again, mamma had to tell the story of the discovery of Mrs. McCarthy and her child in the snow, and of the former's sad death, to which we all listened with melancholy interest. The professor took up his abode with us, every day becoming more and more attached to his newly found niece; but Rosa's whole pure heart has gone out to my brother Ned, as in former days her mother's was given to the young Irishman, and they are engaged to be married.

As for me—well, I always did like middle-aged gentlemen with black eyes, particularly when as lately the black eyes look kindly upon me. To-day my professor asked me to marry him, my heart beat very fast and I think I said "Yes." So Rosa and I will wear orange blossoms together, and then we go together to visit the land we have so often dreamed of, rendered doubly dear as being the home of her dead mother—beautiful, sunny Italy.

For the Favorite.

MAUD MARCHMONT;

OR,

The Victim of Fortune-Telling.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,

OF MONTREAL.

"Maud, surely you are not serious about going to that fortune-teller! I think it not only foolish, but sinful."

"Nonsense, Ettie," replied Maud; "what harm can there be in having my fortune told; very often it proves true, and, if not, it is still great fun, I should think. I have long wanted to see a fortune-teller, and now I hear that Madame Bett is so wonderful, I would not miss the chance. Come, Ettie," Maud continued, "put on your hat and cloak and go with me."

"I cannot, Maud; I am sure papa would be angry if he were to know I had any intercourse with such people; and I do not think Harry would like it either."

"They need not know of it, Ettie. I shall not tell Harry, for I know he would laugh at me."

"And you would deserve it, Maud. No, I will not go with you; and, if you will take my advice, you will not either; you may be sorry for it."

"I have made up my mind, and am determined to go; therefore, if you will not accompany me, I'll be off alone. *Au revoir*," and the giddy girl kissed her hand gayly, and tripped away across the fields to the village.

Maud Marchmont and Henrietta Weston were cousins. Maud had been left an orphan to the care of her uncle, Mr. Weston, many years before. He was a widower, and Ettie (as he fondly abbreviated Henrietta) his only child. She was two years the senior of her cousin, but in discretion she numbered many more. Maud was handsome, intelligent and not unamiable; but there were times when self-will had the ascendancy, in spite of all remonstrance. She was rather given to believe in superstition, and in vain had her "matter-of-fact" cousin Ettie endeavored to argue or laugh her out of it. Thus it was in the present instance.

On reaching the abode of Madame Bett, which was in a hotel in the village, Maud's heart began to flutter, and her courage almost failed; but, mustering resolution, she walked in, and inquired for the apartment of Madame Bett. She was conducted to it, she knocked and was requested to enter, which she did, trembling so much that she could scarcely stand.

The room was a well-furnished apartment, and the fortune-teller a tall, dark foreign-looking woman. She was seated by a table, whereon were cards and many quaint figures and devices, doubtless for the purpose of awing the believers in her art.

As Maud came in, Madame Bett rose and bowed, and drew a chair near her, to which she motioned Maud.

"What do you desire to know, young lady?" she inquired, in a foreign accent.

"I wish my fortune told me, if you please," replied Maud.

The woman took the hand of her visitor and examined it, then, turning to the cards, she ran them over several times, consulting also several cabalistic signs which were traced on a paper near her. At length she spoke:

"Young lady, you have good fortune in store for you. You are at present engaged to a fair, blue-eyed young man, but him you will never marry. The fates decree you a different spouse. He will have dark eyes and hair, and be very tall in stature; he will also be of good family and rich. You will go far to reside in his native clime. You will have long life and many children's children will you live to see. That is all, young lady, that I have to tell you. I always make the fortune in a few words; that is better than talking much. I always tell true."

Maud smiled faintly, and rose from her chair.

"Thank you. What I have heard is quite sufficient."

She then asked the fee, and was rather astonished at its exorbitancy, as it would drain her of all her pocket money. However, she laid the sum down on the table, and, bowing, left the room, and glad she was when she found herself once more in the street.

How bitterly she regretted that she had sought out the fortune-teller, for she fully credited all she had been told. When she thought of her lover, she could scarcely suppress a cry of anguish.

"My dear Maud, what has happened to grieve you so much," said Ettie, coming in some little time after, and finding Maud with her head resting on the table weeping, and sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"Oh! Ettie," she cried, "I wish I had taken your advice, and not gone to that woman. She has told me that I am not to marry Harry. She told me I was engaged, but it would never be; my husband was to be tall, with dark eyes and hair, and many other things which I care not for, about riches and long life, &c."

"My dear Maud," exclaimed her cousin, "you must not let yourself be influenced by any ridiculous nonsense that impostor might have told you."

"But, Ettie," replied Maud, "as she seemed

to know all about me, although she is but a stranger here, surely she might know the future also."

"It is only by chance, Maud, that these people act. They study human nature, but they see no more of the future than I do."

Maud shook her head doubtfully, and nothing more was said about this matter again, but Ettie noticed that there was a change over Maud from that day. All buoyancy of spirits had left her. She was sad and reticent, even to her betrothed, who was quite annoyed and mystified at her behavior, for he had never heard of the visit to Madame Bett, or he too might have tried to dispel the evil charm which had come over her.

Henry Hurst was a fair-haired, medium-sized man, young and good-looking. He was in a large establishment, with a prospect of rising in the world. The greatest attachment had for years subsisted between himself and Maud, and to Ettie he was as a dear brother. Thus matters stood until Maud's unlucky visit to the hotel.

Weeks passed away into months. Henry Hurst had repeatedly asked his beloved to appoint the day of their nuptials, but Maud continually evaded it, and, in fact, seemed to try and evade his society as much as she could, and her conduct became more and more mysterious.

But a crash was soon to fall on all who loved her.

One evening Maud had gone to bed early, complaining of a headache. She locked her door, and begged not to be disturbed. The next morning, Ettie, finding she did not come to breakfast, went to her room. It was locked. Ettie knocked, fearing her cousin might be ill; there was no response. Again the knock was repeated, but as before. Becoming alarmed, Ettie went to her father for advice. He thought the only thing to be done was to force open the door, which was done. What dismay they felt when they entered the bedroom to find it empty.

Alas! Maud was not indeed there. Her bureau seemed in great confusion, as if articles had been hurriedly removed, and on the toilet-glass stand a note lay, which Ettie snatched up. It was only a few lines, as follows:

"I grieve to leave you all, dear ones, but it is my fate, and I cannot control that. I am bound by a promise not to say with whom or where I am going; by and by I may tell you all. I hope Harry will get a better wife than I should have made him. Try and forget me, and do not sorrow for me. You will hear from me as soon as possible. There is no use seeking me, for you will fail in discovering me. Farewell. God bless you all."

"MAUD."

It would be beyond description to portray the consternation and grief which ensued in that household on that day. Mr. Weston, accompanied by the deserted lover, used every means, but telegraphs and detectives were unavailing to find the fugitive.

Henry Hurst went away traveling for some time, and gloom and sadness now reigned in that once happy little household.

Ten years have glided by, bringing in their course happiness to some and misery to others. In that long time no tidings had been heard of that poor lost lamb of the fold.

Henry Hurst was now a partner in the firm he was once clerk in, and if a glance would be cast in his handsomely-furnished parlor, a familiar face will be seen. Yes, Ettie is now the wife of Henry Hurst, and there are three little cherubs who call him papa.

Time had passed lightly over Ettie's fair brow, for she was very youthful and lovely still.

One dark, stormy evening, Ettie and her husband were seated by the cheerful fire in pleasant converse, when they were startled by a quick rapid knocking. Henry went to the door himself, and found a man who brought a note from the matron of the hospital, to the effect that a poor dying woman wished to see him at once, but would not give her name.

He lost no time in obeying the summons. He went to the side of the bed, and spoke to the woman to whom he was taken. The weak, emaciated creature turned her hollow eyes upon him. He jumped back as if he had been shot, for in a moment (despite the great change which had taken place in her) Henry recognized the beautiful dark eyes of his once loved one.

"Powers of Heaven," he exclaimed, "you are Maud Marchmont."

"I am that unhappy wretch. I am dying, and have traveled day and night for weeks to reach here to see you and ask your forgiveness before I depart, and once more to see my cousin Ettie and my poor uncle, who, I hear, is dead. I came to this town yesterday, and, fainting on the side-path before I could make any inquiries, was taken to this hospital. I begged them here to send to my uncle, Mr. Weston, and my cousin. They informed me he was dead and my cousin was your wife, and I sent for you, Harry, to unveil the mystery which has so long surrounded me."

"Stop, Maud," said Henry Hurst, now getting back his self-possession, "I must inquire if you can possibly be removed, and take you away from here before your strength fails more."

"I am too far gone, I fear," moaned the poor sufferer. "You had better leave me here to die."

The doctor, however, gave his opinion that

she might bear the removal, and Maud was soon placed in a carriage and taken to Henry Hurst's house.

We will pass over the meeting of the cousins, the shock and grief of Ettie on seeing, so unexpectedly, her long-lost cousin brought in and laid on the sofa on the last verge of death. Yet it was a mournful consolation to see poor Maud once again in this world.

Maud rallied sufficiently to give a short detail of the events of the last ten years. It was as follows:

A short time after her visit to Madame Bett's she had been walking through the fields (her usual walk) when she saw a gentleman sitting under a tree sketching. She passed on, but not liking to lift her dress just then, the skirt caught in some brambles. Seeing her trying to disentangle herself, he had jumped forward and helped her. A few words passed between them. She was quite struck at the first with him, as he answered to the description she had been told her husband would be: he was tall and dark and very handsome. The next day she again met him by accident, and a little further conversation ensued. She did not like to tell Ettie of it, as she would not have allowed her to go alone again, and she had become quite interested in her new acquaintance. He told her he was on a pedestrian route for pleasure, and was staying at a hotel in the village. He did not give his name, for good reasons, he said. She had loved Harry once very much, but as she believed she was not to be his wife, she had endeavored to withdraw her heart from him. Day after day the poor misguided girl had continued to meet this man, who had contrived to completely infatuate her. She had told him of the fortune-teller's prediction, and he had increased her faith in it. She had not had courage to cease her engagement with her former lover. At last he had prevailed on her to go away, and she felt she had no power to resist him. He had taken her to the city, and married her, but, she was sure, under a false name, for she had seen afterwards letters directed to him in another name. Mark Powell he had called himself, but to Maynard Payne the letters were directed. She had asked him about it, but he had been unkind for the first time in consequence, so she never alluded to it again. He used to leave her at long intervals, but was not bad to her when he returned. He seemed rather out of cash at times, but did not appear poor. She never knew any further about him. He had made her take a vow never to write or communicate with her relations until he allowed her. Thus things continued for several years. She had two children, who both died. One day he bid her farewell as usual for a short time, and she had never seen nor heard of him since. She could not get money to return home, even if she had wished it, and she waited month after month until years were gone, hoping to know something of her husband. She had worked in various ways to support herself; then, her health failing her, and feeling she could not last long, she had longed to come home to see the once familiar faces before she died. She had saved a small sum when she could work, as she had only herself to support, which had been sufficient to take her here.

That was the "sum total" of Maud's story, and sad it was to her listeners. Her sufferings had been great, but still she seemed to have a lingering regret for her unworthy husband. Maud lingered on for a few weeks (for she was too far gone for aid), then she left this world of care and sorrow. A few days before she died she told her cousin it had been a life-long regret, that unlucky visit to Madame Bett, as to that she had attributed all her misfortunes.

SYMPATHY OF THE SEXES.

Man loves women. He frequently confines himself to woman, albeit he does so from sense of duty, from consideration of justice, from fear of reprisal. His organization renders him liberal in excess of his affections. Imagining himself erotically in debt to the entire sex, he is tempted to seize every occasion to discharge the obligation. The coin he pays in is cheap enough in the beginning—its peculiarity is, it grows dear as it is expended—but its purse is never empty, whatever value be set upon his pieces. It is hardly safe for him to study natural history. Not that he finds so many lower brothers in the male animals, but that he is encouraged to imitate them more closely. Condemning the beastliness he does not covet, he upholds the beastliness he affects. Buffon's noted generalization bolsters him in the continuance of certain failings, and he complacently concludes there may be something in Darwin after all.

Love has no such sacredness, is incapable of such exaltation with man as it has and is with woman. To him it is the appanage of egotism; it is flattered vanity; it is selfishness glossed with sentiment. He loves to be loved. She loves to love. Hence, thrown together under favorable circumstances, without conspicuous impediments, they are in peril of gratification as the tinder is in peril from contiguous sparks. Impassibility and passiveness are in him; impulse and activity are in her. He analyzes love—not difficult as it exists in the sterner bosom—and, to a certain extent, masters it. To her it is the one thing above all others that defies analysis; and she yields to it in delicious abandonment. Experience has made him wise in the emotions. She is but slightly experienced, it is

all; and were she thoroughly so, where is the wonderful woman to whom every experience is not a new revelation, a startling divination? Romantic passion is very serious with her at all times. She is never quite prepared for it, even though she believes herself an artist. And when it comes to her early, it is fateful often, formative always. Much as she may wheedle herself, she cannot play with fire without being scorched. She can regulate her glances; but her blood will not obey her. The last act of her comedy may turn to tragedy. The smiles of the morning may set in bitterest tears. All about her oasis of seclusion lies the blistering sand of desolation.

Man argues woman may not be trusted too far. Woman feels man cannot be trusted too near. All she says he knows. All she knows he cannot guess. He is delightful with her; she wonders at him. She is the open page of romance; he the last Sibylline books. He is to her on vantage-ground. Behind her, mask as she may, is a flood of light. He sits half in the shadow, and beyond is a darkness she cannot penetrate. There may be an equality of sex—can there ever be equality of situation? She fights unhelmeted; he with his visor down. Ere the battle has begun he has won it half by his understanding of her tactics; and the other half she loses through his imposing feints.

Scarcely any woman can absorb a man. He is truant almost always. She who would keep him must stay near, watch close. Even then his thoughts may wander. Her kisses on his lips may recall the kisses he has relinquished; may invite comparison; may, perchance, excite regret. He is born inconstant. Fortunate the Oriana who can hold him to the end. His hunger for abstract love is unappeasable. He no sooner sits at the banquet than he dreams of the feasts that seem fainter because distant. A morbid epicurean, he longs for foreign fruitage when the board before him is fragrant with abundance.

Man, though fickle by inheritance, may be firm, frequently is, through discipline. No finer models than he has set of perfect loyalty, of absolute devotion. He has been all that woman wanted—would or could have asked. He has been, is, and will be an exemplar of fidelity, inspiring and meriting implicit confidence. But his tendency, his disposition, not his conduct, is here at issue. He is to be judged, as to stability, by comparison with his sister, made through misreport the owner of his peculiar weakness.

He is not more recreant from his senses than from his mind—may be not so much.

Nearness has vast influence with man. Distance and time provoke him to apostasy, and under amorous provocation he is extremely malleable. Ardent as his attachment may be, separation is likely to cool it. Cupid's darts are dangerous only at short range. They seldom hit the mark, and when they do they barely scratch. The boy-god's wounds are never mortal to masculine heart. Their delicious poison is frequently drawn by lips belonging not to her whose beauty did the harm. The lover is a practical fellow, taken from under the microscope of romance. His passion is a pastime. He experiences it usually when he is otherwise disengaged. It comes upon him from a lack of something to do. He never falls so deeply in love that he cannot easily climb out to look at the next woman who may come along. His wildest transports—mostly confined to novels—are a species of business. While representing them he is constantly thinking how they impress his partial audience of one. The lover, occupied in prosaic affairs, surrenders his sentimental rôle. He puts on the pensive robe and the insignia of heart-break only in his leisure; and then alone is he dangerous.

The vacant mind bespeaks the yearning heart. "I am idle," he says, "and willing to be worshipped." Under such circumstances he looks about for some woman to flirt with, to try an experiment upon. First come, first dattered. Last gone, most remembered. He may be waiting for his wife at the station. He learns that the train is half an hour behind; and he sees, just opposite, a pair of black eyes also waiting. Not a great while to spare; but battles have been won in less. He must lay the first parallel; or shall he attempt to carry the sable orbs by storm? Ten minutes gone—little progress. Twenty sped—a ray of hope. Twenty-five—signs of capitulation. (In his ardor and conceit he does not know the object of attack is blind and deaf.) He devoutly trusts the train may run off the track. He hears the whistle. Too late, or too early—which? The train dashes into the station. He catches a glimpse of his wife, hurries to her, clasps her in his arms, gives her the kiss he was so desirous to bestow upon another.

The most egregious errors of man respecting woman spring from his interpretation of her through his self-knowledge. They are even greater than those he makes in explaining her by opposites. But the characteristic of both is that his judgments and hypotheses square with his wishes and defend his defects. It is hard to get at his views, since they change with circumstances, and he apt to generalize from each fresh experience.—*Galaxy*.

Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room—"No. 1 Chesterfield Street." "Madame," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to forget Number One."

THE FAVORITE

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SCANDAL.

A crusty old bachelor who delighted in saying impudent things of the fair sex, once said that "the Garden of Eden was the only place where there was no scandal because Eve had no other woman to talk to;" and certain it is that the gentler portion of humanity have always borne the reputation of being greater scandal-mongers than the male sex. Women have a weakness for spreading news relating to their neighbors, not generally, we believe, with malicious intent, but principally because their conversation, especially between themselves, partakes more of a personal nature than does that of men. Men converse, women gossip. And that word "gossip" explains a great deal on the subject of slanders; it is the disposition to speak of the personal affairs of others, to report their sayings and doings, which generates slanders. When facts are scarce imagination steps in and fills the void; memory being at fault fancy is called into requisition; and a very small modicum of truth, garnished with a large quantity of fiction, sets the scandalous story going, and, once started, it is like a snow-ball rolling down a hill, it grows larger as it goes. Another prolific source of scandal is the fashion of placing a fanciful construction on any simple action, the motive for which is not understood. Immediately the scandal-monger calls

on his imagination and supplies the motive; in almost every instance a wrong and improper one. Scandal-mongers may be divided into two classes: the simple gossips, who, like Lady Teazle, when they say a spiteful thing of any one "do it through pure good nature;" and the malignant scandal-mongers, who repeat or invent stories for the express purpose of annoying or injuring the persons of whom they speak. The first class is quite as bad as the second, and does quite as much harm, although their intention may not be to do any mischief; many a proud spirit is bowed, many a fair fame blasted and the hopes of many a life crushed by the insidious whisper of scandal circulated by those who "mean to do no harm."

The press was early perverted for scandalous purposes, and scarcely a century ago two papers in London, *The Bon Ton Magazine* and the *Town and Country Magazine*, both expensive papers, were published solely for the purpose of spreading scandal. Sheridan refers to the latter magazine in his world-renowned comedy, "The School for Scandal," when he makes Lady Sneerwell say, referring to Mrs. Clacket, "She has been the cause of six matches being broken off and three sons disinherited; of four forced elopements, as many close confinements, more separate maintenance and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête in the *Town and Country Magazine*, although the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the whole course of their lives." These two papers were well got up, and, in addition to their scandalous articles, contained portraits of the persons scandalised, given in profile, with their faces turned towards each other. In one of his articles the Editor of the *Town and Country Magazine* says: "The great increase of our correspondence in the department at once evinces the attention of the public to this part of our work, and the approbation it receives from the learned, intelligent, and ingenious!" In another place he says that the majority of his informants were ladies of the highest rank, which were probably true. Happily the law for libel has, to a great extent, checked this abuse of the press, especially in England, although the public taste of the present day seems to relish as keenly the delights of a good dish of scandal as our forefathers did, as may be easily judged by the avidity with which reports of murders, abductions, divorces or other criminal cases which come before the Courts are read. This propensity for scandal also accounts to a great extent for the demand for "sensational" novels which, for the most part, are based on the same materials as scandal, love, jealousy and domestic infelicity; and although the scandal loses some of its flavor from the fact of its relating only to fictitious personages, still it retains enough of its piquancy to please the public palate in default of equally scandalous stories of real persons.

THE DEBTS OF THE WORLD.

It may be useful at the present moment, when our attention is being prominently directed to our own expenditure, to reflect on the burdens under which other nations are unhappily groaning. It is not a very easy matter to discover the actual indebtedness of either Europe or the world; but it is possible to give an approximate estimate of the total liabilities of continental nations. There are seven European nations which owe upwards of £100,000,000 each. They are:—

Great Britain.....	£790,000,000
France.....	748,000,000
Italy.....	360,000,000
Russia.....	355,000,000
Austria.....	306,000,000
Spain.....	261,000,000
Turkey.....	124,000,000

£2,944,000,000

The debt of the German Empire amounts to a little over £35,000,000. The different States composing it, however, in the aggregate about £173,000,000. The liabilities of the Empire may, therefore, be probably placed at about £208,000,000. The debts of the eight most heavily incumbered European countries may in this way be raised to about £3,152,000,000! There are six other countries in Europe

which owe their creditors more than £10,000,000, but less than £100,000,000. They are:—	
Holland.....	£80,000,000
Portugal.....	64,000,000
Belgium.....	27,000,000
Greece.....	18,000,000
Roumania.....	13,000,000
Denmark.....	12,000,000

£214,000,000

These six countries, then, add £214,000,000 to our previous total, and raise the national liabilities of Europe to £3,368,000,000. It must be remembered that we have excluded from this category all fractions of a million and the debts of all States which owe less than £10,000,000. Nor should it be forgotten that in most cases the only returns which are available are one or two years old, and that, therefore, the national debts of Europe are probably greater than the figures at which we have placed them. We shall probably be within the mark in saying that, without including the liabilities of municipalities, the national debts of Europe exceed at the present moment £3,400,000,000. The relative charges which these debts involve does not correspond with their relative amounts. Here are a few of them:—

Country,	Debt.	Rate per cent. Interest.	About
Italy.....	£360,000,000	£30,800,000	8 1/2
France.....	748,000,000	27,700,000	3 1/2
England.....	790,000,000	26,800,000	3 1/2
Portugal.....	64,000,000	1,900,000	3
Denmark.....	12,000,000	1,100,000	9
Belgium.....	27,000,000	1,000,000	4

£2,001,000,000 £88,800,000 4 1/2

If the charge of the other debts is not relatively greater, the national liabilities of Europe involve a burden on its population of £134,000,000 a year. The debts of the rest of the world are happily much smaller than those of Europe, but even these are considerable. America of course heads the list. The different American States owe—

United States.....	£433,000,000
Brazil.....	67,000,000
Canada.....	21,000,000
Argentine Republic.....	16,000,000
Venezuela.....	14,000,000
Peru.....	12,000,000
Mexico.....	10,000,000

£573,000,000

Asia follows America at a considerable distance. Her chief debts are—

British India.....	£108,000,000
Japan.....	27,000,000

£135,000,000

Our different Australian colonies owe in the aggregate £33,000,000. The chief African debts are those of

Egypt.....	£28,000,000
Morocco.....	10,000,000
Capetown.....	1,000,000

£39,000,000

The chief debts, then, in each of the five great divisions of the world amount in the aggregate to the following sums:—

Europe.....	£3,400,000,000
America.....	573,000,000
Asia.....	135,000,000
Africa.....	39,000,000
Australasia.....	33,000,000

£4,185,000,000

If we add only £15,000,000 to this total for minor omissions, we are compelled to conclude that the nations of the world owe their creditors £4,200,000,000—a sum which at only 4 1/2 per cent. must involve a charge of £189,000,000 a year! The figures are so stupendous that it is hardly possible to comment on them. But it is a suggestive circumstance that with perhaps three exceptions—the United States, Germany and ourselves—all these countries are steadily increasing their debts. The greater portion of them have been created within the memory of the present generation; the great majority of them are rising still with a rapidity which is adding annually hundreds of millions to the national liabilities of the world.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE DOMINION.—The S.S. "Atlantic," of the White Star Line, was wrecked off Prospect, N. S., on the 1st inst. Particulars are given elsewhere.—The gauge of the Welland R.R. was changed on Wednesday week from 5 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. 8 in. The work was all completed between the morning and afternoon trains.—The Manitoba delegation now at Ottawa, ask the Government to extend the time of the special tariff framed for that Province from the 13th May to the 1st July. The Provincial Government asks its extension for one year from the time of its first termination.

UNITED STATES.—Murders by the Cherokees are announced from Arkansas City.—The employees of the New York Gas Companies have made arrangements for a strike, should the companies not concede to their demand for eight hours and the following rates: Stokers, \$3.50; helpers, \$3.00 per day.—Another match for the billiard championship and a thousand dollars a side is announced between Maurice Daly and Cyrille Dion, the present champion.—A defeat of the Apaches, with

some loss of life, is announced.—A. T. Stewart is ill, suffering from Bright's disease.—The new phase of the Goodrich mystery is that James W. Knox, a prisoner in the Brooklyn jail on a charge of forgery, claims to have information that would result in the detection of the murderer, but refuses to disclose it unless the charge against himself be dismissed. Knox was four years in the New York police.—The Samana Bay Company have purchased a new steamer for Samana waters.—A Post-office is about to be established on San Juan Island.

UNITED KINGDOM.—George Bidwell, one of the men alleged to have been implicated in the frauds on the Bank of England, has been arrested in Edinburgh. Together with Noyes he was brought before the Lord Mayor of London and released on bonds for future appearance.—Committees of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, the Société du Cable Transatlantique, and the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Companies have agreed upon the immediate amalgamation of all those lines, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors of each Company, at a meeting to have been held on Friday last.

FRANCE.—During a debate in the Assembly last week a dispute took place between Leroyer, a radical member, and the Duc de Grammont. The latter was called to order by M. Grévy, the President, but refused to retract his language. Thereupon M. Grévy announced that he would resign, and declared the sitting closed. On the following day the President's resignation was presented and read, but he was immediately re-elected by a vote of 349 against 281. M. Grévy, however, persisted in resigning, and it is said that he will accept the leadership of the Left in the Assembly. The election for his successor to the Presidency was held on Friday last with the following result:—M. Louis Joseph Buffet received 304 votes; M. Martel, 284. M. Buffet was declared elected.—The Spanish Vice-Consul in Paris has absconded, leaving a deficit in his accounts to the amount of 70,000 francs.—Gen. Chanzy has informed the Committee on Capitulations that the Government has received its report on Marshal Bazaine's case, and has decided to proceed with his trial by court-martial.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor has given his sanction to the Electoral Reform Bill.

SWITZERLAND.—It is reported that Mgr. Merillod has been raised to the dignity of a Cardinal.

DENMARK.—The Folkething, the Lower House of the Rigsdag, has passed a vote declaring want of confidence in the Ministry.

SPAIN.—The Carlists are receiving supplies of arms and provisions in various ways, but mostly by sea. A body of 400 Carlists, raised in Navarre last week, were equipped almost as soon as the organization was effected.—It is reported that all the Custom Houses on the frontier except one have been occupied by the Carlists, who are fortifying them.—The populace of Barcelona, to avenge the burning of Berga by Carlists, attacked and did serious damage to several churches.—The Carlists are reported to have shot 60 prisoners at Berga.

Seven thousand Minie rifles, the first instalment of 15,000 promised, have been forwarded to Barcelona for distribution among the people. The armament committee there is preparing to levy *en masse* for the defence of the Province.—A disturbance occurred in the artillery barracks at Valencia. Several men were killed and wounded. Order has been restored.—General Nouvillas has arrived at Estella, twenty-five miles south-west of Pampluna, and made it his headquarters in his operations against the Carlists.—The Commune has been declared in the Province of Salamanca, and some rioting followed, but it was suppressed by the gens d'armes.—The population of Madrid manifest a hostile disposition towards the municipality of the city, and as the latter are determined not to resign, trouble is apprehended.—Senor Castelar threatens to resign unless the Ministry adopt a more decisive and energetic policy. His colleagues hesitate to interfere in a conflict between the people and municipality of the capital. Popular leaders declare the corporation responsible for future events.—Reinforcements have been sent to Cuba.—The Carlists were repulsed from Puycedra, leaving 300 killed and wounded before the town.

ITALY.—Several bank-note forgers have been arrested in Rome.—Victor Emmanuel will visit the Vienna Exhibition.—The Pope suffers from rheumatic fever and an ulcerated leg.—The lightning at Rome struck a factory, killing five persons and injuring seventeen.

WEST INDIES.—An American detective has arrived at Havana and identified Bidwell, the Bank of England forger, as a man well known to the American police.—San Salvador has been visited by an earthquake.

AUSTRALIA.—A despatch from Sydney announces that the Parliament of New South Wales has voted \$200,000 to aid emigration to that colony.

CHINA.—A despatch from Shanghai announces the arrival in that city of the Russian Grand Duke Alexis.

A Parisian lady, having lost an opera-glass, was lamenting over the matter with a friend, and said she had only lately lost her husband also.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DAY AFTER.

It was past four in the morning, when Moll returned home, very tired, cold, sleepy and it must be confessed also, rather cross.

True, she had experienced no want of partners, but William Bolton had not kept his word, or put in an appearance.

Florence was half-dressed, however, as she opened the door, the fire had been burning all night, and the kettle boiling.

"I am glad you have returned," said Florence, as she closed the door after her companion. "I was so afraid I shouldn't hear you, that I've scarcely slept for the last two hours."

"Aye, here aw be, lass; an' aw 'most wish aw hadn't gone."

"Why?"

"Willie warn't thar."

"No, I know. He came here very late. He said he came to see if you had gone, and to say how sorry he was he couldn't keep his word and go too; but he'd been working till late, and was so dead-beaten, that he must go home to bed, instead of dressing to come to a ball, so he called in to say you mustn't think it unkind of him."

The girl looked at her companion suspiciously.

Moll Arkshaw was not jealous, for the idea as yet had not entered her head. Still, she didn't exactly like the way in which matters were going, and was too cross and bad-tempered at the time, not to express her dissatisfaction.

"Weel, it's square," she said, with a toss of her head; "he must ha' come out o' his way to tell 'ee that, and yet he war too tired to come to the ball."

"He came, no doubt, that you might know there was a reason for his absence directly you returned," said Florence.

With a mistaken feeling of kindness, she was trying to make her believe that her lover was true to her, while, could Moll but have overheard the words uttered in that room not half a dozen hours before, she would have known that she was building her faith upon a sandy foundation.

For the truth was, William Bolton, taking advantage of Moll's absence, had that night thrown off the mask, and avowed the state of his feelings, only to be met with a most decided repulse, and a lecture upon his unmanly conduct towards Moll.

Whatever her other faults—aye, even vices, might be, Florence Carr was determined to be honorable and true to the woman who had been a friend to her in the darkest and most helpless moment of her life.

Hence she had turned a deaf ear to the fitter's pleading, when vanity might otherwise have led her to play, flirt and amuse herself with her, and she determined that, as far as it lay with her, Moll should never know of his inconsistency.

Scarcely satisfied, meanwhile, Moll went to divest herself of her finery, while Florence poked up the fire, made a cup of tea, and laid the bread and butter on the table.

She was not a good hand either at making or eating porridge, consequently this morning had not attempted it, and when Moll came back into the front room, having metamorphosed herself from the showy ball-room belle to the factory hand, the tea was ready poured out, some pieces of toast made, and Florence waiting for her.

"You haven't told me anything about the ball," said Florence, as they sat down, Moll not having quite regained her usual volubility and temper.

"Eigh, it war just like another ball," was the unsatisfactory answer.

But Florence was not to be silenced in this manner.

"Come, now, Moll, what is the matter with you?" she asked, bluntly. "Surely you are not cross with me because Willie Bolton didn't come; I couldn't help it, you know."

"Aw never said thee could, did aw, lass?"

"No, but you're cross and snappish. Somebody has put you out, I am sure; it isn't like you, Moll. You are usually so merry and good-tempered; did anybody tell you your dress didn't look well, or did nobody ask you to

dance? Here have I been home alone, expecting a full account when you returned, and instead of getting it, you look more cross than I ever saw you before."

"Aw ax thee pardon, lass; aw's no cross wi' yo', but aw cannot help it."

And Moll's fortitude gave way. She burst into a passion of tears, and threw herself upon her companion's neck, sobbing bitterly.

"Why, Moll, my dear Moll, what is the matter? What has happened to grieve and excite you like this?"

"Aw—aw doan't know; aw've been lookin' fur Willie all the night, and he's no come," was sobbed out spasmodically.

"No, but you know there was a good reason for it, Moll. If he'd gone to a ball or concert with another girl, Moll, you might have cause for crying, but under the circumstances, it really is unreasonable."

"Aye, but that's it," continued the weeper, in a choked voice; "it bea'n't that he cares fur anither lass, but that he doan't care fur me. He bea'n't like ither sweethearts as aw've had, as war niver tired o' making enough o' me. Wud you believe it, Florry, he niver once kissed

master, was at the ball. If he were poor, or a working man, instead of a rich mill owner, do you know; I rather think I should fall in love with him."

"Eigh, then, thee'd make a great mistake, lass," said Moll, whose interest in her friend's welfare had driven away for the moment her doleful forebodings.

"And why so?" questioned Florence. "I'm sure he's handsome."

"Good looks go for nought," said Moll, decisively. "He bea'n't half so good-looking as my Willie."

"I don't agree with you; in fact, I don't admire Willie. But then, I never did admire a dark man in my life, and I think the master very handsome."

"Aye, and he thinks the same o' yo', lass, but he's a bad un. No good ever come to any woman from liking and listening to he. Thar's more nor one poor lass in Owdham as've been brought to shame by Frank o' Meary's."

"I dare say I shall be able to take care of myself," said Florence, carelessly. She was not anxious to discuss Frank Gresham, and it was only to rouse Moll, and interest her in something beyond her own trouble concerning William Bolton, that she had started the subject.

moment, even though death had followed immediately after.

Her first impulse this morning was to shrink back from the biting, piercing cold into the warm, cosy room.

Only for a moment, however; then she wrangled the large, warm, though coarse shawl she wore over her shoulders and head, and, drawing her breath firmly, walked out in the snow.

The time had been when she had gone out on far warmer days than this in costly furs and velvets, with the firmest, daintiest boots which a London bootmaker could sell.

But now a black merino gown, much the worse for wear, a rough plaid shawl, serving the purpose of cloak and bonnet, and a pair of stout wooden clogs complete her attire.

Is it a disguise, do you think, that she has assumed?

If so, it has been singularly, strangely successful, for she wore her miserable clothing now with an ease which, if not natural, at least proclaimed her an accomplished actress.

They have reached the mill now.

Moll is a carder, and, by some management, and no doubt an equal amount of favor, she has contrived to get Florence in the same department, and to be taken on without giving time or money to learn the work.

Of course, to begin with, Florry's earnings had been very small, but she was quick with her fingers, handy and delicate with them too, and she was now making what, under the circumstances, might be considered very fair wages.

Time seemed to go very slowly on this particular day, and I am afraid Florence Carr was thinking more of the two persistent suitors who had so singularly sought and found her at home on the two previous nights than of the work she was engaged upon, for she started and blushed like a guilty thing, though the increased color greatly added to her beauty, when a voice which she could not mistake spoke at her side.

"I didn't know until last night that I had a rival," the voice said.

And Florence looked up, puzzled, amused, and yet angry, to meet the eyes of Frank Gresham, her master, fixed upon her with such an expression of unholy passion and fierce anger and jealousy in them that, for the instant, frightened her and made her tremble.

The shock was but momentary, however. Her nerves were not easily shaken, and she said, in a careless, indifferent tone—

"I don't understand you."

"Say you won't understand me," he replied, getting hotter and more excited as she cooled down, and seemed scarcely to pay any attention to him.

"No; I'd say it if it were so, but as it is not, I won't," she retorted, with a light laugh; "and I must repeat again, I don't at all understand you."

"I saw a man leave you after twelve o'clock last night," he hissed in her ear.

"Did you? It must have been rather cold standing outside the house watching, wasn't it?"

"Then he was a sweetheart?" asked the spinner, with subdued though intense passion.

"I did not say so; but what is it to you if he were? Are you supposed to manage the private affairs of the people you employ?"

And as she asked the question, she looked up into his face with a smile of saucy defiance, showing her white, even teeth, the dimples on her face, and looking more irresistibly lovely than he could believe he had ever seen a woman look before.

But her beauty, thus tantalizingly held before his eyes, irritated him almost beyond endurance, and he bent down his head until his face nearly touched her as he said—

"I'm got past being trifled with, lass; my engagement is broken for you, and I mean to have you. No living man shall bulk me, and William Bolton had better never have been born than come between us two."

All the fierce, ungovernable passions in his nature were stirred as he gazed upon this girl who had the power so to move and excite him, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could restrain himself from repeating the scene acted on the Sunday night and clasp her forcibly in his arms.

Had she shown the least sign of fear, timidity, or yielding, without doubt he would have done so, but, instead of that, she seemed amused at his passionate outburst.

It might be, too, that it was part of her plot and plan to seem to mock and laugh at him,



"FRANK GRESHAM TRAMPLED OVER THE SOFT WHITE SNOW."

me yesterday, and he might ha' come to the ball to-night if he'd been so minded."

"Well, Moll, if I thought so, I'd take somebody else, and forget him; there are plenty more who would be glad to have you, I'm sure, without waiting for one who you think doesn't care for you."

"Aye, thar it be," said Moll, sobbing still more bitterly. "Aw've tried to think like that, but aw can't, fur I do love him, Florry, and aw canna look at anither man when Will's got me heart."

"Poor wretch," thought the consoler, bitterly; "are you too feeling the iron heel of a man's caprice and passion in your heart?—and for such a man, too!"

But she said nothing of this aloud; of what use to deprecate the idol, even though it were made of clay?

To the weeping girl, it seemed solid gold enough, and as long as the delusion would last, why seek to dispel it?

"Do you know, Moll, I don't think you can be quite well; you are crying for so very little; for, after all, what has happened? You only asked Willie on Sunday to go to a ball with you on Monday, and because he can't go, having to work late, you begin to cry as though something dreadful had happened. Now, don't you think you are unreasonable?"

"Aye, lass, praps aw am, but aw feels as if summat dreadful had happened, or war goin' to happen; an' aw've kep' watching the door, and expectin' him every minute sin' twelve o'clock, till aw feels as if my heart would crack, if aw waited any longer."

"That's it; he ought not to have told you he would come, when his doing so was uncertain; but it isn't much to make a fuss about. Come, cheer up, Moll, and drink your tea; it will be quite cold, and we shall have to go to work soon."

But Moll shook her head dolefully, though her sobs had in a great measure subsided. Her heart was too full to allow her to think of eating or drinking.

Florence, however, was determined to rouse her, and she said—

"You haven't told me if Mr. Gresham, our

Little did she dream that the spinner had watched Bolton leave the cottage that night, and had taken the idea into his mind that the fitter was a favored suitor.

Having relieved her mind, first of all, by her "good cry," as some women call it, then by confiding the cause of it to Florence, and after that, wisely acting the part of mentor, and warning her companion of possible pitfalls, Moll thought she could drink just one cup of tea, and ended by making a tolerably good breakfast.

By the time this was over, it was necessary for the girls to get ready for starting to the mill to work.

This was the hardest part of Florence Carr's new life; the part she shrank from daily, yet daily had to perform.

Had it been spring or summer, it would not have been so bad, but to go out into the cold December morning, with darkness around, except where some stray lamp made the falling and fallen snow look ghastly in contrast to the deep dense night around—for midnight could not be darker than the streets of Oldham were this morning, as the girls made their way through it to the mill—was bad enough for any human being; but for a girl tenderly and delicately nurtured, one accustomed as she had been till lately, to every comfort and even luxury, the change of circumstances was almost more than she could endure.

But why did she endure them?

I think I hear you say, with her talents and accomplishments, if she must earn her own living, surely she might have done it in an easier and more congenial manner.

That was her secret.

The result and consequence of the secret which shadowed, and was the mainspring of her whole life.

Weak, fragile, and girlish as she looked, she was a woman of strange power of endurance, as well as of intense will and self-control.

And to such an extent had she cultivated self-command, that had she been in mortal agony, her will was so potent that it would have subdued or conquered the struggle for a

to treat it all as a capital joke, but one that would not admit of being seriously considered or thought of for a moment.

"You are hindering me with my work," she said at length.

"Curse the work," muttered her master, savagely. "Didst thee hear me, lass? You shall never belong to William Bolton; by all that's infernal or holy, I swear it, and you shall be mine, body and soul. You shall be mine."

But she answered only with a mocking laugh. And thus they parted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SPINNER'S JEALOUSY.

If adversity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, crime likewise, and the steps leading to it, make us "Hall, fellow, well met," not only with odd characters, but very doubtful ones, too.

This was the case with Frank Gresham.

He had borne a bad character for a long time, was indeed from his early schooldays noted as being will, but bad as he was, even his worst enemies would never have thought of imputing any serious crime to him.

Frank Gresham was just at that critical point in life when his unreasoning infatuation for the singular mill girl had the power of saving or ruining him, just as the scale might be adjusted.

What course events might have taken if he had not seen William Bolton emerge from the cottage that night, it is impossible for me to say; I can only record what really did occur.

From that moment, a maddening jealousy had taken possession of him, jealousy with an insane desire for revenge.

With an utter absence of reason or substantial evidence, he fancied the fitter had stolen a march upon him, tried to fitch a prize which he had from the first marked as his own, and he felt that it would not be enough to defeat and baffie, but he must also punish him.

Dangerous work when a man gives the reins to his passions; bad enough under any circumstances, but doubly so when they are revengeful and vindictive.

His brief conversation with Florence in the carding room had still further infuriated him, for the girl made light of him and of what he said, and seemed by her manner rather than her speech to be quite satisfied with young Bolton, and to defy her master to make her change her opinion about him.

Everything this day seemed as though it conspired to goad him on to some act or deed, from the commission of which there was no repentance or return.

The machinery in one of the rooms was out of order, had, indeed, suddenly required attention; and going in to see it, the mill owners saw the very man who had occupied his thoughts almost to the exclusion of everything else during the last twelve hours.

It was not an unusual thing to get extra help in any case of the kind from another firm in the town, and, therefore, when the foreman explained what had happened, the young master had no need to ask why William Bolton was there.

Of course it could be nothing but imagination, for Bolton was unconscious of the spinner's wooing.

Neither had his own suit been so successful as to give him cause to boast; but Gresham could not persuade himself that the young mechanic was not looking triumphantly at him now and again, and seemed to be enjoying the memory of some joyous victory.

So thoroughly maddening did this feeling become that, fearing to trust himself in the workman's company, lest he could not control his temper, he left the room where the repairs were going on, and betook himself to his own private apartments in the same building.

We have been there before.

The place is unchanged.

A red, glowing fire burns in the polished grate, making the room look still more cozy in contrast to the white flakes of snow falling so coldly and silently outside.

The spinner thinks little of this, though he gives an uncomfortable shiver as he throws himself into an armchair, lights a cigar, and pours out a glass of wine from a bottle he has just opened.

"What a fool the girl is," he muttered, as he held up the glass in which the rich, wine sparkled to the light, then quaffed it off at a draught.

"There she is," he continued, "working in that infernal room, among such people, having come through the snow in what seems the middle of the night, and all that, when she might be sitting here with me, dressed in silk and velvets, and with nothing on earth to do for it but please and amuse me."

And he helped himself to another glass of the rare old wine.

"Yes, she is a fool," he went on, after another pause. "She thinks to marry that fellow Bolton; he makes two or three hundred a year, and I suppose that would be riches to her mind. But she never shall; I'd hang them myself, and dig their grave with my own hands first. I must get rid of that fellow. The question is, how?"

A third glass of wine followed the two preceding it, and for a time there was silence, the mill owner not caring, perhaps, to frame his thoughts into words.

"Aye, it's ticklish work," he muttered at

length, "but it's certain if it's well managed, and even if I should be fool enough to marry the girl in the long run, it's best to be well rid of him. I shouldn't care for him to be cropping up between me and my wife. Yes, it shall be done, but I must be careful of the means I employ."

And again he fell into a long, thoughtful reverie, an unusual thing for him, but one destined to bring forth bitter fruit for many persons connected with this history.

His dinner was brought in to him, for he often dined at midday, and always kept a small staff of servants upon the premises, and there in his armchair he ate, drank, smoked, and at last fell asleep before the warm fire.

He was aroused by the factory bell ringing to announce the half-hour allowed for tea.

The short, cold, dull day had gone, the shades of evening had drawn in, and with the idea firmly impressed upon his mind which he had worked out previous to falling asleep, he rose to his feet, shook himself, rang for lights and tea, then went into the next room to refresh himself with a wash and a brush.

I need scarcely add that the bottle of wine was empty, and that a cup of tea might well be considered necessary to rouse and awaken the consumer of it.

It was strange that dissipation, late hours, and sleep snatched principally upon sofas or in armchairs should leave so very little impression on his fair, handsome, and healthy-looking face.

Doubtless, as years roll on, time and nature will take their revenge, but at present he bears upon him but little of the evidence of the life he leads.

He has taken his tea.

The bell has rung all the hands back to their work, and feeling that the time for action is near, Gresham pulled on his overcoat and hat, and well gloved and booted, went out to trample over the soft white snow, leaving a dark soiled track behind, very like the influence which he shed upon the good and pure through life.

His steps turn in the direction they have often walked lately, and do not pause until he comes to Moll Arkshaw's home.

There is a light in it, although the two girls are at work, for Jim is there, with the room clean and tidy as it was possible to be, and the cripple sat now by the fire engaged on some piece of needlework.

The spinner's knock at the door frightened her, but she opened it, and seeing who it was, bade him come in.

"No; I don't want to come in," he said, briefly. "I want you to go with me; take me home to your grandmother, then you can return. I don't quite know where she lives myself."

"Tak' yo' to moy granny?" repeated the girl, suspiciously. "An' what for dost thee want to see my granny?"

"I want my fortune told," replied the young man, with a laugh that nevertheless sounded harsh and discordant. "Come, I'm willing to pay handsomely, and you can get back long before the girls come home from the mill."

"Aye, aw'll go," replied the girl, to whom the idea of having a fortune told was a very familiar one, so familiar that it never entered into her dull brain or brutish mind to dream that the owner of the finest mill in Oldham had any other motive in visiting the white witch than in getting his fortune told.

But he had another motive, one to which this was but the flimsiest cloak—a motive that should undermine the lives and liberties of others, perhaps even put his own life in danger.

He is playing, he believes, for high stakes, love and revenge; the first is worthless, the second may—perhaps will—recoil upon himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

WILLIE BOLTON'S HOME.

"What ails thee, lad? Thee art not thee-self at all, at all."

And Mrs. Bolton, as she asked the question, laid her hand tenderly upon her son's shoulder, and tried to arouse him by her sympathy from the deep brooding abstraction which seemed to have come over him.

"I see thee enough, mother; don't fret thyself. I'm a bit tired and down-hearted, that's all," he replied, dolefully.

"Aye; but what's thee got to be down-hearted about, lad? Thee's got plenty o' work, and thee's got thee own way in yer sweetheating, for didn't I say, when you spoke of Moll Arkshaw, and said you liked her, that I'd treat her as a darter; and didn't I do it when you brought her here o' Sunday? Yes; I said so, and I did it, though I did hope one time that you'd have thought of getting a wife someat better nor a mill lass."

"Oh, mother, it's more nor that, it's worse nor that. I've made a mistake in life, and I go on making it, and I canna help it."

And the young man turned to the fire, by the side of which he was sitting, and gazed gloomily at its glowing embers.

"What mistake can yo' have made, lad, that's past mending?" inquired his mother, anxiously.

But her son made no reply, except to turn his face more resolutely to the fire, and she repeated her question in a more coaxing tone.

"If yo' mon know, mother," he replied, reluctantly, for the two had few secrets between them, "if yo' mon know, I've made one lass think I'm in love with and going to marry her, while I'm reet mad for another woman. Now what dost thee think o' thy son?"

But his mother only put her hand caressingly on his dark curly hair, as she said—

"It'll come reet, lad. But thee'st not the only sufferer. Poor lass! I can't but feel for the one thee doesn't love."

He shook off the soothing hand with something of the impatience of a wilful child, as he said—

"Aye, she'll get the pity and I shall get the blame; but which'll suffer most? I tell thee, mother, I'm reet mad for Florence Carr, an' she says 'no' to me."

"Poor lad!" was all the mother could say.

Her sympathy was with her son, but her sense of right and justice was with the two girls.

A superior woman for her station was Mrs. Bolton, and she had trained her son not only to have perfect confidence in her heart and judgment, but to rely on her sympathy, and come to her in all his trials, troubles, and difficulties.

But this was the bitterest and sorest grief of all, and the fond mother knew not what to advise or how to console him.

"You say she won't have you?" she asked, half incredulously, and as though trying to gain time for thought.

"Aye, mother."

"But a woman don't allers mean no when she says it," she suggested.

"No; but she meant it," was the bitter reply.

"A woman as means yes, don't say no in the bitter way she said it, cutting me like a knife wi' her bitterness, and bidding me love and marry the lass as I have deceived. A lass as means yes when she says no, don't say it in that style, no how."

"Weel, lad, and if aw loved a lass, and she despised me, she might cry her een out afore aw'd speak to her again. Aw'd have a little more spirit than to go whining arter a lass as thort naught on me."

But this view of the case did not afford William any consolation: on the contrary, not having his mother's indignant contempt for what did not appreciate and value him, he felt irritated with her for suggesting that feature in his trouble.

"Thar, mother, it's no use clacking any more about it. I'll get over it, I dare say, just as I've got over other things, but I can't help feeling sore for a' that."

And he rose to his feet, pulled the hat which he had taken from its peg well over his eyes, and went towards the door.

"Thee art not going out so late as this, art thee?" inquired his mother, anxiously.

"Aye, but don't sit up for me; I can let myself in. I'll, mayhap, be rather latish."

"Is it well to drown grief in strong drink, think ye?" asked the old woman, impressively. But the young man paid no heed to the question, would not listen to it, in fact.

There was fire in his veins to-night, a restless craving that would not be repressed, and seemed as though it would drive him on to the wildest and most improbable act of madness.

So he went out, closing the door with a bang behind him, and leaving his mother alone.

It was not a large house that William Bolton and his mother occupied, scarcely larger, in fact, than that which Moll Arkshaw lived in, but then they had the whole of it, while the mill girl only rented two rooms.

Built like thousands of dwellings of the kind in the manufacturing districts, it consisted of four good rooms and a wash-house or scullery.

It was plainly though decently furnished, for though William Bolton made very good wages, he and his mother were no exception to their class, and were consequently not only improvident, but careless to luxuries, which people in a different station in life, though with smaller incomes, would have considered simple comforts.

Indeed, Moll Arkshaw's dwelling betrayed far more refinement, taste and comfort than that presided over by Mrs. Bolton, although the combined income of the two girls scarcely exceeded one-fourth of the mechanic's wages.

Mrs. Bolton had at one period of her life possessed a considerable amount of beauty, and it was one of the delusions under which she labored to believe that she still retained a more than ordinary share of that fleeting commodity.

The beauty was gone, but the air, graces, and manner of the spoiled coquette remained, and though in the company of her son she was natural and unaffected, or seemed so to him, it was sometimes more than ludicrous to listen to and watch her movements.

Her figure was thin, wiry, and active, almost as restless as the stiff black ringlets which, by some wonderful process, managed to retain their youthful colour, and to dance up and down at the least movement, as though mounted on wires.

Some of her neighbors were malicious enough to say all the hair on her head did not grow there.

Others were sufficiently mean to hint that her brilliant complexion owed something more to art than nature—that her teeth were false, and that if she were eaten up with vanity, her son, at least, ought to know better than to allow his mother to dress up in the somewhat extravagant style she did.

But then, no doubt, a great many of these suggestions were simply prompted by envy, for Mrs. Bolton considered herself superior to the set who would have associated with her, and in a measure succeeded in, impressing upon a limited number of her own sex the fact that she knew more than they did on all matters connected with dress, manners, or etiquette.

I cannot say that these followers were quite as enthusiastic in their admiration when they

met in her absence as they were on the occasion of the social tea and scandal with which she treated them about once a week.

Besides, Mrs. Bolton had an eligible son, a fact, of which she was fully conscious, and though it would be a great blow to her vanity and position when her son took unto himself a wife, still it was not in the nature of things, she told herself, to expect him to remain single on her account, she quite understood the value of him as a bait to hold before the eager eyes of the spinsters of her acquaintance.

Hence you will see that, with a great deal of personal vanity, Mrs. Bolton was neither devoid of affection for her son, nor of a certain amount of practical worldly wisdom.

Left alone, as she was, this evening, she began to pace about the room, as was her custom when the least irritated or perplexed.

"Plague on the lasses and lads too, say I," she muttered, as she clinked backwards and forwards, the small brass coverings on her heels sounding uncommonly like the jingle of a pair of spurs.

"Aye, a plague on the lasses and lads too, say I. It warn't so in my day; then every lass worth looking on might ha' had the pick of the lads, and na whining and fretting for those they couldn't get."

"Aye, there war mony a lad I might ha' had afore my Willie if I'd liked; but then some folks called me the beauty of Oldham; and, in course, bein' the best-looking, I'd got most on the chaps."

"Aye, let me think. There were two on 'em in business, wi' plenty o' brass, and I said no to both on 'em, becoss I loved Willie, my bonny Willie. best; but he's dead and gone, pore lad, pore lad."

(To be continued.)

For the Favorite.

LAVINIA;

OR,

A SKETCH FROM A STORMY LIFE.

BY IRIS,

OF MONTREAL.

CHAPTER III.

(Concluded.)

"Mrs. Wilton I wish you would come upstairs and look at Willie," said Veeny, the following morning at breakfast, "he has been so restless all night and slept but little. He has fallen asleep now, but is still feverish."

After breakfast she accompanied Veeny to the nursery where the child lay tossing and moaning, his little hands and head burning and his parted lips pale and parched.

"I fear he is very ill. I will go and speak to Mr. Hill, I think he should have a doctor," said Mrs. Wilton, hurrying from the room, but Mr. Hill had gone; so she returned to Willie and did what she thought best for him, expecting Mr. Hill at noon, but he did not come; but as Willie grew worse she became alarmed and sent intimation to him of his condition and her fears that it was scarlet fever. Mr. Hill despatched the messenger for the doctor, who confirmed Mrs. Wilton's surmises; it was scarlet fever of the most malignant nature.

The doctor called again in the evening, and to Mr. Hill he mentioned the necessity of procuring a proficient nurse; so the following day he engaged a person named Mrs. Shea. For days the little sufferer lay moaning in his pain. Veeny would sit for hours by his side silently weeping, and wishing she could bear a thousand times as much and be relieved. Mr. Hill came up often to see him, displaying much anxiety about him. Amid Veeny's trouble and care her thoughts sometimes wandered to Arthur, she wondered if before he heard of Willie's illness he visited their customary walks in hope of meeting her, then she pictured his disappointment and sighed.

"I think Willie is much better to-day," said Mrs. Wilton, one morning breaking in upon her thoughts; "but child! how pale you are; you must go out and take the fresh air. I fear you will be sick next."

"I cannot leave him yet," said Veeny, laying her hand caressingly on the child.

"But even a little while on the piazza, would do you a world of good."

"Well, I will go sometime to-day."

After dinner that day, Veeny instead of returning to the sick-room stepped out to the piazza; Mr. Hill at the same moment entered the parlor, and walked to the window. Looking through the half-closed blind he saw her standing almost directly opposite him. While he stood watching her, a boy entered the gate, and approaching her, inquired if she was Miss Morton. On her replying, he handed her a note and hastened away. She opened it and read it at a glance, while her face glowed with pleasure, as she pressed it repeatedly to her lips. Mr. Hill turned from the window with a dark scowl on his brow and paced the floor, while his face grew almost brutal in its expression; then pausing in his walk he raised his arm and brought down his clenched hand on the table, as he muttered between his firmly set teeth, "It shall be done."

He then left the parlor and went up to the

nursery, where Mrs. Shea sat alone. After carefully closing the door, he took a seat near her, but this time he made no anxious inquiries with regard to Willie's condition. Half-an-hour later, Veeny met him in the hall, going out. He did not speak to her as he passed, but the incomprehensible look of malicious triumph he gave her, was quite as annoying as words could have been.

That evening, Willie being a great deal better, Veeny felt relieved, and being almost worn out with fatigue, she retired early and was soon sleeping soundly. By eleven o'clock all the household had retired except the nurse, who walked the floor uneasily, sometimes standing a moment at Veeny's room-door which opened into the nursery, and sometimes at the nursery-door which opened into the hall. At the one she hears Veeny's low, regular breathing, at the other all is silent, until she catches the sound of the click of Mr. Hill's night-key as it lifts the latch leaving the door partially open. She stepped softly to Veeny's room, opened the door noiselessly, and walked with cat-like tread to the chair over which her dress is thrown; in a moment the tiny note is in her hand. Hastily she retreated to the nursery where Mr. Hill stood with outstretched hand ready to clutch the stolen missive. A moment later he is in his own room, and by the blazing gas jet, he reads with a sardonic smile on his lips,

"DEAREST VEENY,—

If you can steal unobserved to the back gate, between ten and eleven to-morrow night, you will meet your devoted

ARTHUR."

"Yes do, Veeny, and be thoughtful enough to take your adieu," said Hill, as he held the note to the flaming jet. Next day when Veeny missed the note she was in dismay, fearful into whose hands it had fallen; carefully she searched the house, but fruitlessly; then she hoped it had been dropped in the evening, and being so small it might have been swept up unnoticed by the maid; but this slight hope did not allay her fears, and the day she had hoped to pass in pleasant expectation, was spent in anxiety and dread. About eight o'clock in the evening the doctor called; Mrs. Wilton, Veeny and the nurse were in the nursery when he went up-stairs. After looking at Willie, he turned to the nurse and said pleasantly:

"Nurse, he is so well to-night, that you shall be able to take a comfortable nap between each dose of medicine you administer."

"I am so completely worn out, sir, it is not a nap I could be satisfied with, it's a good long sleep I want."

"I am neither sleepy nor tired," said Veeny, "so if you like, nurse, I will relieve you a while."

"Thank you, Miss Morton, it's kind of ye. How long can you sit?"

"Until twelve."

"Bless you! won't I have a fine sleep. Now listen to the doctor while he gives the directions."

Veeny did so. As the doctor passed out, he encountered Mr. Hill in the hall, they left the house together. Mr. Hill mentioned to him he had business at his office that would require his attention until near midnight. Mrs. Shea left the room the same time as the doctor, and a little later as Mrs. Wilton was leaving, she called Veeny to the door to hear her vehement snoring, as she laughingly said:

"She is sleeping fast, as she is on an allowance of time."

Veeny stood a moment to listen, then quietly closed the door, took a book and returned to her seat beside Willie. When the clock struck nine, she counted the drops of crimson fluid into the glass, and gently raised the little sufferer's head coaxingly, forced him to swallow it. By ten every one had retired, the house was perfectly still. Then Veeny threw a shawl round her and glided softly to the back gate; opening it she looked cautiously out, but as she desisted a well-known figure a short distance off she stepped out and was clasped in Arthur's arms. He told her of his aunt's anger, and tarnishing the truth he said she had recounted all her past indulgences to him until she had so worked upon his feelings, that she finally extorted a promise from him never to see or communicate with her again, in the hope that they should forget each other; but this he told her for his part it would be impossible to do, but for the present he thought it best to pretend to try, and she must on no account tell he had visited her there. He told her too that he was going to New York in the morning on business for his aunt, this was the reason he had sought for an interview to hear her assurance that she would ever remember and trust him. It was easy given, remember and trust, yes even unto death.

With a sad heart Veeny returned to her post at the bedside; she found everything apparently just as she had left, so she sat down to think over Arthur's words. The clock striking eleven recalled her, she arose and once more carefully counted out the glistening drops, and stooping over the child was about to raise his head, but as her hand touched his cheek she started quickly back, it felt so cold and unnatural. She then bent low over him, until her ear almost touched his lips, but not a sound repaid her. With trembling fingers she turned the gas up to its fullest height, but her heart stood still with horror. The glass dropped from her fingers, as, uttering a loud scream, she fell to the floor insensible, for her eyes had fallen on the rigid face of a corpse.

In a short time all the household was standing round the bed.

"Quick! quick! for a doctor," called Mrs. Wilton, while the nurse chafed the little wasted limbs.

Veeny who had returned to consciousness now stood weeping by him hoping yet to see his loved face once more animated. Amid this commotion Mr. Hill returned. Attracted by the noise he too hastened to the nursery, and as he bent over the lifeless form of Willie, Veeny noticed the tears roll down his cheeks, and reproached herself for having doubted his love for him. When the doctor arrived, he walked to the bed where they had laid the little boy when they found their attempts to restore life futile. He bent toward him, then started back with surprise and horror depicted on his kind face, and gazed searchingly round as he inquired:

"Who sat with him for the last two hours?"

"I, sir," said Veeny, trembling so she could scarcely speak.

"From which bottle did you take the medicine you gave him?"

She pointed to the one he had left in the evening.

"What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Hill.

The doctor turned to him and said,

"Mr. Hill, much as it pains me, I must do my duty and tell you I suspect the child has been poisoned."

"Poisoned!" gasped Mr. Hill.

"Poisoned!" echoed every tongue in the room.

"How will I act, doctor," inquired Mr. Hill.

"You can do nothing until morning, except to see that none of your household leaves the house."

The doctor then left the house, and Mr. Hill went into the passage, and paced up and down with an even sentinel tread till morning. Mrs. Wilton seated herself in a low-rocker and was soon fast asleep, and one by one the servants dropped into some position that they might follow her example; but for four long hours Veeny, unable to sleep, sat contemplating the scene, and listening to the dull monotonous tread in the hall. Then completely worn out, she laid her weary head on her arm and closed her weary eyes.

She did not sleep long when she was aroused, and she heard some incoherent words about post mortem examination and coroner, and before she could recall the occurrence of the previous night she was hurried from the room. The constant bustle and crowd of strangers, and the mysterious whispering so confused her that she could do nothing but shrink out of sight.

At the examination it was clearly proved the child had died from the effects of poison—an hour was sufficient for its deadly work—and it was proved by all the witnesses' testimony and condemned by Veeny's own, that she alone had been with him for the last hours of his life.

When asked if she had left the room, she hesitated, her face flushed and paled alternately, then faintly answered, "Yes," her confusion was misconstrued, and she was reminded she was on oath.

When asked if she had anything to prove her absence, "No, no," she wailed sinking to the floor sobbing hysterically, not because of her own perilous position, but fearful she would betray Arthur.

When alone she sank on a seat and endeavored to collect her scattered senses, but before she had done so, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder and an officer read from a paper which he held in his hand a warrant for her arrest.

If she was confused before she was stricken now. She gazed wildly round like one insane; she did not feel them put her hat and mantle on, nor notice that the man drew her to the door, but when out in the cool air she recovered a little, and glancing from the policeman at her side to the carriage at the gate, her true position dawned upon her, and she sprang from his grasp shrieking for help. But the next moment her voice and limbs alike failed; she reeled, and would have fallen had he not caught her in her arms.

When she again returned to consciousness she was lying on a bed, and a strange woman standing by her side applying restoratives. As her eyes wandered round the apartment, the bare stone walls and iron barred window, told all too plainly where she was. Shivering and clinging to the woman, she begged her most piteously to take her from that dreadful place.

The kind hearted woman tried to soothe her, telling her her friends would be with her shortly and she was sure they would do it.

Gradually she became calmer, and throwing herself back on the pillow, she wept quietly. The woman then left her.

As Veeny heard the key turn in the lock she started up, and found she was alone—alone, a prisoner in her cell. Again she dropped back on her pillow, as she clasped her hands tightly over her eyes to shut out the bright sunlight which seemed to mock her, as it streamed through the little window, throwing the shadow of the iron grating on the floor.

The day wore away, and the sun's light faded; but darkness brought no comfort, but rather tended to increase her desolation.

Thus time passed, in days of misery, and long, weary nights of unutterable anguish. Her fate depended most on proof of her absence, yet that she would not give. In vain her sister wept and Mr. Duncan pleaded, and her counsel questioned; on that point her lips were sealed.

"I was absent but I have no proof to give," was all she would say.

So time passed on until it wanted but two days from the trial. All along she had been sustained by the hope that Arthur would come,

and give her permission to avow her absence, and he to prove it. He said he would be away but a week, yet how many had passed and he had not come. Still true to her promise she would trust him, yes, trust him while one moment remained. Oh! how wearily she opened her eyes on this morning as he thought, "This the last but one, oh, Arthur, you will surely come to-day."

She had become so weak since her incarceration that she seldom sat up, so when she had finished her toilet, she threw herself on her bed, and lay listening to the footsteps as they passed up and down the corridor.

Finally she started up; one strangely familiar voice reaches her ear. She cannot surely define it, yet it must be he. It stops at the door; the key is applied, how can she meet him.

She lay down and covered her face with the hands, and heard nothing more save the great throbs of her own heart, until a hand is laid on her arm and a voice whispers, "Veeny."

A bitter cry of disappointment burst from her, as, springing up, she dashed the hand from her; for it was not Arthur, but Mr. Hill.

"Lavinia, my girl, be calm," he said softly, "I have come to speak to you about a plan for your release. Now listen. But one day intervenes between this and your trial; that you will spend with your counsel, who cannot save you, you know he cannot without that which you either withhold or cannot give. Now, Veeny, I can save you, but there is but one way to do it. Only think how wretched you have been while here, and what would your misery be if you had a long term of years to spend in a place like this, or perhaps worse."

"I would not live through it. See, I am almost gone now," said she, nailing up her wasted arm.

"Yes, but you are young and strong, and those that long most to die seem generally to live longest, and think of for years passing your nights in such a place as this, and your days among the vilest of earth's scum, shut up from liberty and friends, branded as a murderess, and despised as a convict."

"Stop, stop, I cannot bear it," she cried in agony. "It is too dreadful, it cannot, will not be."

"But it is, and will be, unless you are saved, and I alone can do it, and will, but only conditionally."

"What conditions?" she gasped, shivering at the horrors he had pictured.

"That you become my wife."

Something of the old fire flashed from her eyes and tinged her wan cheek, as with a gesture of contempt she shrunk from him.

"Come Veeny, think of the horrors of a prison, and save yourself from such a doom."

"No, no, never; not by one which would be still more horrible. Leave me now, I wish to be alone."

"Silly girl, it is thoughts of Russel which deter you from accepting me. Why will you cling to him with such pertinacity, is he not now showing you how little he cares for you; has he ever come to offer you one word of comfort in your trouble? No, he is ashamed to acknowledge you before the world."

"He is from home," she said in a faint voice.

"He was, but has returned, so if your hope was on that I must dispel it. Now, will you hear me?"

"No, no; now I know he will surely come. Go, I will hear no more."

She threw herself down on the bed, buried her face in the pillow and clasped her hands tightly over her ears as though determined to hear no more; nor did she, for long after when she removed her hands and sat up, she found she was alone, she had not even heard him go.

CHAPTER IV.

The court was crowded to excess, all eager to see the young creature that evidence showed so clearly premeditated, and in cold blood held to the lips of a loving innocent child the fatal poison cup.

In mute anguish she stood all unconscious of what was passing round her, with but one thought in her mind, "He will yet come." Thus she stood until the usual question was asked, "Guilty or not guilty?" Someone touched her repeating the question, telling her to answer; then she stretched out her arms, and in the most heart-touching accents wailed: "Come. Oh! come and save me or I die." Her arms dropped she fell back, and was caught by Mr. Duncan, as the crimson life tide gushed from between her white lips; she had ruptured a blood vessel. "She is dead," cried a dozen tongues. "Dead," was echoed from the crowd. "Dead. Oh Holy Virgin, and it's me that kill her," cried Mrs. Shea rushing from among the witnesses and pushing through the throng. "Oh Miss Morton, forgive me, forgive me; 'twas Hill, 'twas Hill; he said no harm would come of it. Oh! Mary, mother, I'd rather died myself."

Mrs. Shea had said enough to betray herself and Mr. Hill; she was instantly apprehended, they then turned their attention to him, but he had disappeared. Mrs. Shea soon confessed how Mr. Hill had told her that he wanted Veeny to become his wife, but as he could not win her, he thought if she was in prison and saw no other way of regaining her liberty she would, and as she thought she was doing Veeny a good turn in assisting to get her a rich husband, she entered into the plot; she shrank at first from poisoning the child, but by threats and bribes he finally prevailed on her, and the note which she had abstracted from Veeny's pocket

settled his plans. After the trial Mrs. Shea was to receive five hundred dollars and be sent to the United States, leaving evidences of her guilt to clear Veeny. This was Mrs. Shea's account, but others knew that it was avarice which incited him to the deed, for the little boy stood between him and his late wife's money. Veeny was removed to her sister's, where for a long time she lay hovering between life and death; but gradually she recovered a little and Miss Duncan, who had remained with her during her illness, proposed taking her home with her if she would like to go.

"I should like it very much," said Veeny; "I think I could die happier there."

"It is not to die you're going there, but to get well," said Miss Duncan; but Veeny only smiled faintly and answered, "I have no wish to live, neither have you hope of it."

As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to be moved, Miss Duncan took her home with her, and Veeny was once again in the little chamber she called her own.

How different were her feelings now as her cheek pressed the snowy pillow on which she had dreamed her first dream of Arthur; then, all life and hope, now crushed, hopeless, and almost lifeless. Oh! how vividly that dream recurred, and she felt she had truly realized. Her convalescence had the appearance of going to be long and slow, for her mind seemed constantly brooding over her past life.

Miss Duncan endeavored to divert her, and tried to interest her with other things, telling her she must commence life anew; but she would only answer, "It is too late, too late. I have not the physical strength to do as you wish me, and my life, which might have been one of usefulness, has been utterly wasted. Yes, a perfect failure, unless, indeed, and oh! I hope and pray it may be a warning to others to trust in a power stronger than their own to subdue their enemy."

Beautiful autumn had come; and Veeny, wrapped in a warm shawl, walked among the gorgeously robed trees, listening to the sad, sweet music made by their rustling leaves. Suddenly she was startled by a light, quick footstep close behind her. She turned and confronted Arthur. A cry of surprise rose to her lips, but was checked by the gurgling blood that welled up in her throat. He sprang forward and caught her in his arms and carried her to the house, where he met Mr. Duncan, who had seen him from the window as he approached.

"What is the matter?" he faltered, greatly alarmed.

"I have killed her," he answered, as the great tears rolled down his face.

Mr. Duncan carried her up to her room; the doctor was called, but he only shook his head, and said, "It will soon be over."

Yet she lingered a few days longer, and kneeling by her bedside, Arthur begged her forgiveness. He told her how the morning after their interview he had left for New York and two days later he had received a letter from his aunt containing instructions to go South in search of a friend of hers, whom he failed to find, and since his return, (which had only been the day previous to the one on which he reached the village) he felt convinced it was but a ruse to keep him away lest he should publicly express any sympathy for her.

"I know, Veeny," he said, penitently, "it was mean and cowardly to pretend to my aunt to give you up, but when I bound you to secrecy I had no idea that the least shadow of trouble would fall across your path by it, let alone such pain and suffering as this."

"Arthur, it will soon be over, and could I, I would not give back one pang I have suffered, for each wave that has broken over me has but borne me nearer the peaceful shore."

"And you forgive me?"

"Freely, as I hope to be forgiven."

As she spoke the grey hue of death crept into her face.

"Call them; I am going," she whispered; and soon her friends were gathered round her. As her fingers clasped Mr. Duncan's, she said, "Pray, my ever faithful friend."

They all knelt and as he in trembling accents obeyed, her weary aching heart grew still.

How sweet her sleep where all is peace, Where sorrow cannot reach her breast, Where all life's idle throbbings cease, And pain is lulled to rest— Such balmy rest, where, peril past The weary wins a deep repose, And the bruised spirit finds at last A cure for all its woes.

Lord Houghton (formerly Richard Monckton Milnes) in recent caricatures is called "The Cool of the Evening," the reason of which is that many years ago being at his club late one afternoon in company with Count D'Orsay, and hearing some habitué of Gore House propose calling on Lady Blessington, Lord Houghton exclaimed, "Oh yes, and I'll go with you." "Indeed," answered Count D'Orsay, loftily, "are you acquainted with her ladyship?" "No, but that's of no consequence. I'll accompany you, my dear fellow." "So you shall, so you shall," retorted D'Orsay. "You shall go with us, and I'll introduce you to Lady Blessington as the cool of the evening." From that day to this Lord Houghton has never been able to rid himself of a richly-deserved witticism. There are some things the world never forgets.

'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

One hot July evening in 1794, most of the little tables outside the Café du Midi, in the curious old town of Nismes, were occupied by customers who seemed to be very much of one way of thinking, and that way not the popular one; for the language held was of a character bold indeed, and rarely heard in those days of Terror, when a careless word reported in official quarters was good for the utterer's head.

"What is the news?" asked a young man, who wore his own hair, long, falling to the shoulders, approaching a group apparently absorbed in a collection of newspapers lying before them, from which first one and then another would read an extract. Sometimes two quidnuncs broke into quotation simultaneously, and then it was more difficult to follow them; when it so happened that three were retelling tit-bits all together, it became well-nigh impossible to make out what any one individual was reading about; but as all wanted to disclaim and none to listen, that mattered little.

The new-comer, however, had a *bond* *Ade* wish to hear, and was therefore hailed with delight.

"What is the news?"

"Good news!"—"Capital news!"—"Might have been better."—"The wolves continue to tear one another."

"Well, but be definite, someone, please," said the last arrival.

"Merely an attempt to reach Robespierre and Collet d'Herbois with the dagger, which has failed," replied the one who was quickest with his tongue.

"But the next may succeed!" cried another; "pistols will not always miss fire, like those of Ladmiral."

"But will not these futile attempts revive the popularity of the wretches? The pignard of Charlotte Corday defied Marat."

"That was different; Charlotte avenged humanity, but it is the enemies of the human race who have now turned upon one another."

"Hist! Parlez bas!"

The warning voice came from a grey-headed man who had hitherto listened in silence, and as the caution ran from table to table, conversation was hushed, and all eyes were turned towards an approaching figure, whose aspect was certainly somewhat sinister.

He was a short, thick-set man, with square powerful shoulders, remarkably long arms, and bow-legs. His broad-brimmed hat was slouched forward on his close-cropped head, and the lower part of his face was enveloped in a large handkerchief, which one would imagine must have been worn for disguise rather than protection from the air on that warm evening. As he advanced along the street, he had a trick of glancing to right and left with a quick motion of his small grey eyes, which by no means rendered his aspect more reassuring. On approaching the café he hesitated, as though debating if he should enter and order some refreshment; but whether the company assembled was not to his taste, or for some other reason, he passed on, and turned up one of the narrow streets debouching into the open space where the café was situated.

"Who is he?" inquired the same man who had previously demanded the news of the day.

"Lenoir."

"What! the bloodhound of the Convention? The man who organised Robespierre's body-guard of assassins?"

"The same; I remember him well; he is a native of Nismes, being the son of a respectable manufacturer here. He carried on the business for some time after the old man's death, but about six years ago, shortly before the troubles, he sold everything and went to Paris."

"Ah, I recollect," said a bystander, "he demanded the hand of Mademoiselle de Montreval, and the proud old baron had him kicked out of the house by his servants. He left vowing vengeance, and I wonder that he has not taken it, for they say that he has terrible influence."

"Vengeance!" cried another; "he has wreaked it sufficiently on the class, if he has spared the individual, a paralysed old man whose life is a burden to him. And then, if he has generously left the head of the girl, who could not love his ugliness, on her shoulders, he has at least done his best to blight her life by denouncing poor Henri Riquet, her betrothed, who only saved himself by taking refuge in England, and leaving his estates to be confiscated. Besides, who knows what he has come back here for?"

"No good, I fear; I almost wonder why De Montreval and his charming daughter did not emigrate too."

"The old man was too infirm to travel, and mademoiselle would not leave him."

Meanwhile the principal object of this conversation continued his way through the streets, till he came to the house of the mayor, which he entered, and was received with a great show of cordiality.

"Welcome, Citizen Lenoir," said the functionary, a lean wizened-faced man, with timid eyes and a cringing manner, "welcome once more to the town which has the honor of being the place where so illustrious a patriot first saw the light."

"I do not care for compliments, Citizen Mayor; you have the letter?"

"Certainly; and your boxes, too, have arrived."

"Any dispatches?"

"Yes, several. I have had all taken to your room."

"Ah, my room. Let me see it, if you please."

The mayor had appropriated the best chamber in his house for the reception of a guest he honored—or feared—so much. But Lenoir was dissatisfied, and, after going over the whole establishment, selected a disused, dimly lighted little room over the stables for his residence during his stay.

"Such a miserable, melancholy hole!" remonstrated the mayor.

"Never mind that," replied Lenoir, "it suits me, I can go in and out and receive whom I like there without observation. So just send my packages and dispatches in there, together with a table and couch of some sort, and writing materials if you please, and then give me the key of the door."

"It shall be as you wish, Citizen Lenoir. And now you will take something; you must be faint after your journey from—where did you say you had made your last stay?"

"I said nothing about it. Anything will do for me—a crust of dry bread and a glass of wine—Spartan fare. I loathe your aristocratic banquets."

In spite of which sentiment the frugal democrat demolished a fowl, and made a considerable hole in a *pâté de foie gras*, washing the same down with a bottle of excellent Pomard.

When he had finished, he threw his napkin on the table, and said to his host, "The committee is not satisfied with you, Citizen Mayor."

"Indeed!" stammered the poor man, turning white, "and yet, in what can I have offended?"

"You show a lack of zeal. Now, for instance, that abominable aristocrat, Riquet, has returned to this department, and you have not arrested him."

"Riquet! what, the émigré! It is hardly possible. Pardon me, but are you sure? It seems incredible that my agents should not have recognised him."

"Oh, of course he is disguised," replied Lenoir, "but my information is correct enough—only I ought to have received it through you. He is watched, and cannot escape; yet for old acquaintance sake I wish to afford you the chance of regaining the confidence that has been weakened. I will therefore give you the requisite information, by which you may have him arrested without my name appearing in it. I will allow the credit to you—no, you need not thank me, I have plenty to spare. And now I will go to my room, for I have a hard night's work before me. If any messenger asks for me, or any despatches arrive, let me know at once."

The mayor, when left alone, groaned. "Poor Riquet!" he said to himself, "how could he be so mad as to come back? But I must go on now, and do Lenoir's bidding. My own head depends upon it."

On the third evening from this, Julie de Montreval was sitting alone, endeavouring to fix her attention on the book in her hand, when the old servant who remained faithful to them in all their troubles announced a stranger, and presently Lenoir entered. She could not repress a shudder at the first sight of him, but mastered her feelings almost instantaneously, and asked him his business.

"I have come to renew my former proposal," he replied; "stop, do not speak till you have heard me out. I am no longer in the humble position in which you knew me; I am powerful, and shall be far more so speedily, for great events are about to happen, and I shall rise with them."

You are prejudiced against me, I know, yet you owe me gratitude. It was through my influence alone that you and your father have been left unmolested the last five years, and whether I had cause to exert that influence in your behalf or against you, you know best. Whether I continue to do so depends entirely on yourself. I have been sent down on a mission which has for its principal object the purging of this department from certain notorious enemies of the Republic; the name of De Montreval is on the list of the proscribed, and I warn you plainly that I will no longer incur the risk of protecting you without reward. One word more: Henri Riquet has returned to France, so that his life also is in the balance—if you care anything about him still. Well, you know my terms, they are simple. Be my wife, and you and yours are safe; refuse, and you all perish. Do not reply to me, take forty-eight hours to consider; at the end of that time I will call for my answer."

He had hardly finished these last words before Julie's brain swam round, and she fainted. When she recovered consciousness he was gone.

At first she felt that she could never bring herself to make the hateful sacrifice demanded of her; but terror did its work, and when Lenoir came again she promised whatever he stipulated for.

A week elapsed, and Lenoir was still at Nismes; he sat on his bed in the dingy little room over the mayor's stable, which he had appropriated, with a book in his hand, a manuscript book, the letters of which should have been written in blood.

"At last," he murmured, laying the volume on the table—"at last, I, who was spurned from her father's door, I shall be her husband, her master! Everything succeeds with me; and presently, when Robespierre is dictator, what may I not rise to? I have made myself necessary to him, and he will not be able to neglect me; I have taken care of that! And does she think, poor fool, that I shall spare my rival? But my timid friend the mayor will bear the blame of that business. It is strange, though, that the despatches do not come from Paris; five days after the time specified! Can anything

wrong have happened? Ah! no doubt they have arrived," he added, as some one knocked at his door.

He rose and opened it, and received, not indeed the papers he expected, but a file of Paris journals.

He took them, locked the door again, and returned to his seat on the bed. The first words he read struck him like a thunderbolt. "Defeat of the Conspiracy against the Convention: Arrest of Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon: Suicide of Lebas."

Then further on the whole horrible story: the shattered jaw—the state of the drunken Henriot when taken. In a later paper there was an account of the final scene, which cut off all hope of retrieval. Robespierre was dead!

Turning over the journals after realising this great fact in a stunned and instinctive manner, Lenoir came upon a list of names which once more stimulated his attention—a list such as he had himself often prepared, of men doomed to the knife, and—his own name was there!

FRESH-WATER FISH.

BY FRANK BUCKLAND.

A sort of mixture between the last two fish I mentioned in a preceding article is found in the fish called *Percus lucius perca*, the Zandr or Pike-perch. This fish is very abundant in Central Europe, and being excellent eating, the question has been seriously considered whether it would be advisable to introduce it into this country. In habits it partakes of the nature of the pike, and also that of the perch—a good diploma on the score of rapacity! I hardly know, myself, not having had sufficient personal experience of the fish, whether to recommend its introduction or not. Mr. T. Ransome Sachs, the Secretary of the Piscatorial Society, has kindly promised to bring over some living young fish from Germany at the first opportunity, when we shall be better able to settle the point.

It is, I believe, better eating than the English Jack or pike, and affords good sport to the angler. At Berlin—where sea-fish are scarce—and in Southern Germany, this fish is considered a great delicacy, and is as much in request as fresh salmon. It sometimes attains the weight of twelve pounds, though four or five pounds is the usual size. A correspondent in a weekly paper relates that in the winter months the zandr is sent to market, and sometimes packed in ice, frost being said to render the flesh peculiarly tender and to improve the flavor.

It is also possible to bring over the fry of *Silurus glanis*, a fish somewhat similar to the Burbot of the Trent. In 1869 I was enabled to examine a very fine specimen of the *Silurus*, which had been brought alive from Stettin. This fish carries a long barbed feeler on each side of the lower jaw, which it folds back when disturbed. Sir S. Lakeman, who introduced the gold-schlei, brought several of these fish from Germany in 1865. They were placed in a pond belonging to Mr. Higford Burr, of Aldermaston Park near Reading; and though I believe they prefer a quiet muddy water, and this pond was specially prepared for them, they have never been found since, although the water has been let off on purpose to look for them; so that this first experiment cannot be called a success. "Roger Ascham, Esquire, Preceptor to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth," in his "Schoolmaster" says that "a child shall take more profit of two faults gently minded of, than of four things rightly hit," so let us hope that a second or third experiment may be more successful than the first—"leap in the dark" in the acclimatisation of *Silurus glanis*.

Dr. Brehm, Director of the Berlin Aquarium, is of opinion that it is quite practicable to bring both these fish in safety to England—indeed Sir S. Lakeman has proved the fact in the case of the latter—and he thinks that the ova can be safely procured and easily transported in a fertile state.

Vast sums of money have been spent in endeavoring to stock our ponds and rivers with trout. Mr. Ponder and myself have turned many thousands of trout fry into the Thames, and though numbers of them have doubtless been destroyed by other fish, the trout fishing in that river has greatly improved; this year, indeed, Mr. Ponder has taken several thousand eggs from adult fish, the produce of our earlier experiments. This is a good sign of the increased purity of the Thames water.

The question of the pollution of streams is a vital one, and energetic measures will soon have to be adopted to remedy the evil. Pollutions of all kinds, from mines, quarries, factories, collieries, mills, dye-works, town sewers, gas-works, and by lint-steeping and sheep-washing, are poured into them, and the wonder is that we have any fish at all. As an example of the evil effects of sewage I need only point to the Canterbury Stour, the Fordwich trout of which, once so celebrated, are now nearly extinct. In some parts of the country the streams take their names from the appearance they present with the impurities floating down them: we have the Red-brook, a tributary of the Wye, red with the refuse from a tin-plate mill; the Whitebrook, named after the ochre of lime from paper works with which it is polluted; in Northumberland there is the Blackburn, so called from the coal-washings that discolor it.

Some time since the following story was told to me, in proof of the danger of gas-water in

rivers:—Speaking to a man on the banks of a river, and noticing that he was not accompanied by his dog, my friend inquired what had become of him, and was told he was dead. "He came to drink at the river-side here a day or two ago, and turning from the water he ran round and round two or three times, and fell down dead. The river was covered with the blue flimy stuff from the gas-works at the time." Two other dogs had been killed in the same way, and a horse belonging to the man would not drink the river water, actually preferring to fetch some from a muddy pond some distance off.

Lead ore is a frightful source of danger: not only fish, but birds and animals are killed, and vegetation destroyed, by the water of streams into which the refuse from lead-mines is poured. Muriatic acids resulting from the decomposition of pyrites are the chief ingredients in this kind of pollution. The river Dovey is polluted by lead-mines more than perhaps any other river in the world, and the Rheldol and Ystwith at Aberystwith are totally destroyed as fish-producing rivers. I once heard of some geese that had been killed by drinking water polluted by lead-washings; they were found dead on the bank, and sent to market and disposed of as though they had been decently strangled. Fortunately they did not kill any one else. Chickens that have been unlucky enough to partake of such unwholesome liquors can be cured by having their crops cut open and the offending matter extracted, but my poor fish cannot be so treated.

A capital fish for cultivation in both running and still waters is the *Salmo fontinalis*, or American Brook Trout, as, among other names, it is somewhat incorrectly designated; it should rather be called a char, being more like the celebrated fish of that name of the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes. It is one of the most beautiful game fish in the world, abounding in the waters of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in the north-eastern portion of the United States. They vary much in color and shape according to locality. In some specimens we have a red-bellied char-fish, with a back of mottled green, covered with bright vermilion or orange specks; these spots are sometimes surrounded with a circle of pure azure. In some sluggish waters the fish is found almost black, with under parts of a sickly white color, whilst in other and more favored resorts, where the lake-bottom is clean and composed of sand and disintegrated granite, the olive-green hues on the back merge into a roseate hue on the side, the under parts being delicate primrose.

Sometimes this pretty fish migrates to the sea; but it prefers dark still waters to gravelly streams, betaking itself in the summer to the deepest lakes, where the water is coldest. The flesh is pink, and of a most delicate nutty flavor, and very rich.

I have had great success in hatching out at my museum the ova of *Salmo fontinalis*, sent me by an eminent fish-culturist of New York State. Some of the young fry I sent to the Royal lakes in Windsor Park, others to Blenheim Palace, to the Conway, and to Mr. Ponder's fish-nursery at Hampton on the Thames, etc., etc. I hope to obtain, through the kind liberality of our American piscatorial friends, another consignment of these valuable ova, and trust eventually to establish this beautiful American fish in English waters. Mr. Parnaby, of Troutdale Fishery, Keswick, supplies the ova and fry of these fish to persons desirous of cultivating them.

Some of the fish sent to the Conway—almost, by the way, the only pure river in the country—have since been caught. The first of them whose capture was recorded weighed about half a pound, and was declared to be "very good indeed" when eaten. In the spring of the year, when passing through Lower Thames Street, I was struck with the appearance of some fish exposed for sale on a shop-slab. I examined them with care, and came to the conclusion that they were really *Salmo fontinalis*. These fish had been dried after the manner of ordinary kippered salmon. The lovely iridescent colors and red spots were, even after the curative process, beautifully preserved. The price was six-pence per pound. They were excellent eating, and, though a little salt, when broiled for breakfast proved to be very palatable.

Many people are deluded into the idea that they are really eating "potted char," when they buy a pot of preserved fish so labelled. But I have very grave suspicions as to the genuineness of its contents in many cases. Something like the "fine old crusted '47 port." I believe the vintage of that year has been all drunk long ago, and in the same way I am sure there are not half enough of these fish to fill all the jars one sees in the shop-windows with the real article. In three cases out of four the contents are, I suspect, not char at all, but trout.

Char should be cultivated more largely. I think they would thrive well in ponds; at any rate—a most delicious fish—they are worth the experiment. At present, instead of being preserved properly, they are caught just before their spawning time, so that a pot of real char represents a loss, not of two or three, but of several thousand fish. It is proposed that these fish should be protected like salmon, under the Salmon Fishery Acts, and a clause to that effect will be inserted in the new Salmon Bill.

I have a great idea, too, that sparlings or smelts—those fish that smell so fresh and cucumber-like—would also do well in ponds. These fish come under the scientific denomination of *Salmonide*, though they are not in all respects true salmon. They are plentiful in

the estuaries of the rivers flowing into the Solway, and in some of the Welsh rivers. Little is known of the habits of this fish, and I mention it in the hope that it may attract more general observation, especially as experiments are at the present moment in progress to test its adaptability to a fresh-water life. It does not seem to have a very enviable time of it in its natural resorts, for the fishermen complain that it greatly interferes with the more important salmon fishery, and it is abused in consequence. The best time for fishing for it is from September to November, the former month being the height of the season.

Eels are proverbially "slippery," but not sufficiently so to justify the careless way in which proprietors of river fisheries and ponds allow the opportunity to slip by of utilising the quantities of food, in the shape of these fish, that are annually to be had for the catching. It is a universal fish, being found in almost every part of the world. In New Zealand it attains to a very large size. It is both a still-water and a river fish; in the summer and autumn, as the salmon are running up-stream, the eels are descending to sea, there to deposit their ova. In this descent they are captured in great numbers by long conical baskets, and other devices; but no attempt is made to take them on their return upwards, though the young fry, called elvers, are destroyed in large quantities as they run up the rivers. In those rivers where the industry is carried on, the eel-fisheries are often exceedingly valuable. The eel is very tenacious of life, and will live longer than any other fish out of its natural element. It frequently quits the water—especially if confined in ponds and lakes—and migrates across fields, in search of running water. Whether this is caused by its natural desire to deposit its spawn in the sea, or by endeavor, when the pond becomes too cold for it, to seek warmer water—the eel being curiously sensitive to cold and electricity—is an undecided point in the natural history of this fish. It is a curious circumstance that all the family secrets of such a universally common fish should not have been discovered long ago; but besides the above point, which is still unsettled, the question of the mode of reproduction of the eel has only lately been solved, and the fact put beyond question that it is oviparous, like other bony fishes.

The eel is one of the richest of fish, and the flesh is extremely delicate and nutritious. It seems strange to me that a great aversion exists against the eel among so many people. The rivers and lakes of Scotland are swarming with them, but to the Scotch they are particularly distasteful, and they will not even catch them for those who would eat them. With the poor of London they are a favorite food. At present the Dutch supply us with great quantities of eels, whereas, if our native produce were properly utilised, we should be able to more than satisfy our home demands, and should make the Dutchmen seek another market, instead of bringing "coals to Newcastle," as they do now.

Conger eels—the marine variety—are largely used in the preparation of "mock turtle" soup and very good mock-turtle they make, which is none the worse for being made of eels instead of something else. What is mock turtle soup made of besides calf's head and feet?

Apropos of popular fallacies concerning fish, I may mention that whitebait, the *Clupea alba* of Yarrell, does not, I believe, really exist as a separate species of fish. If any of my readers will take the trouble to carefully examine a plate of whitebait next summer, they will find that it consists of a multitude of small fry of fishes of different kinds—whose name is "Legion"—including among others young sand-eels, elvers, and sticklebacks. Who, after this, will be surprised if I say that sticklebacks and minnows are good eating? Not that I recommend their cultivation as an article of diet, but I refer to them as a proof of what a little taste and skill in cookery will do for the meanest of fish.

In conclusion, I must again express a hope that the great question of our fisheries will receive the attention that their importance, and the part they claim in the production of the food of the country, deserve. The fisheries in the seas around our coasts are the richest in the world, and their cultivation is happily being made an object of solicitude on the part of the Legislature: still a great deal has yet to be done to utilise them to their full extent. I trust that the produce of our rivers and ponds will eventually elicit more general notice. Our salmon fisheries also are greatly increasing in value by careful cultivation; and there is no reason why the purely fresh-water fish should not play a more prominent part in adding to the prosperity and natural wealth of our country.

TRAINING A WIFE.

Two gentlemen walked briskly towards the city, one bright morning in spring when the crowd of business passengers to the great metropolis was densest and most bustling. One of the gentlemen was middle-aged, grey-haired, and hard-featured; the other, young and handsome.

As they walked, the elder of the two allowed his step to slacken a little, saying:

"Are you in haste, Lucien?"

"Not particularly. It is a habit we all fall into in the city."

"I wanted to speak a word with you. I do not wish your wife at home or your clerks in the office to overhear me, and this seems a favorable opportunity for a chat."

Lucien Seaward turned an attentive face at once.

"Is it about business, uncle Will?"

"No. I am perfectly satisfied with all you have done, and all you are doing. I am glad that you are on the road to prosperity, and see for myself that you manage the London branch of the business as well as I could myself. No, Lucien, I shall return to India perfectly content with business affairs. What I wished to say was for yourself alone, for your own interest and welfare. You believe I feel a great interest in you?"

"Most assuredly. You have always been kindness itself."

"Then you will not mistake my motive when I tell you you are making a mistake with regard to Evelyn."

"Evelyn!" cried Lucien, with a face in which the expression of amazement was almost ludicrous. "I thought I was a model husband. Surely," and now a look of pain crossed the handsome features, "she has not told you she is unhappy."

"Far from it. You are not unkind or neglectful, but you are on the road to perfect domestic slavery, which in the end will be as bad for Evelyn as for you."

"I confess, uncle Will, I do not understand you."

"I will speak plainly, then. You allow Evelyn to interfere with your movements and dictate to you too much. I do not blame you. Most young people commence married life in the same way, but it is a wrong one. A man should be independent in his movements, and let his wife feel that he is master of himself, his time, and his money. Do not mistake me; I would not have you harsh or unkind. Allow your wife a liberal portion of your income, and indulge her as far as may seem proper to yourself. But, my dear boy, do not make the fatal mistake of allowing her to dictate to you, or of thinking you must account to her for every hour of your time. Why, you fairly apologized yesterday to Evelyn for being late to dinner."

"But she was anxious."

"Teach her not to be anxious. Let her understand that you are fully able to take care of yourself, and will not give an account of every movement. I am an old bachelor, it is true, but I have gone through the world with my eyes open, and I tell you you are on the road to being a thoroughly hen-pecked husband. How long have you been married?"

"Fourteen months."

"And you apologise to your wife if you are late to dinner? Oh, Lucien!"

The sting of ridicule in his uncle's last words roused Lucien's spirit.

"You are right," he said. "It is absurd."

"And it is equally absurd to take your wife so far into your business confidence. If you allow her all the money she can reasonably expect, that is enough for any woman. Come, now, we will go to the theatre together this evening, and send no word home. It will be a good beginning, and your wife will soon cease to worry when she finds you come home all right, even if she does not know where you are every hour."

While William Seaward, with really kind and good intentions, was instructing his nephew in the art of preserving his own manly privileges, Evelyn, the wife who was threatening his liberty so formidably, was going about her daily duties, light of heart, and perfectly happy.

Perfectly happy! It is a strong expression to use when describing any one of the human family, but it was literally true of Evelyn Seaward.

She had been an orphan but a year when she became Lucien Seaward's wife, and, from loneliness and sadness, was lifted into a haven of love and peace. The young couple possessed in common the rare gift of an even temper, and a desire to look upon the sunny side of all things; and if there is one attribute above another to ensure married happiness, it is the possession of this one gift of disposition. If Lucien brought home a sunny, happy face, he met there another as bright as his own. To make Lucien happy; to have Lucien's house a bower of beauty and neatness; to win Lucien's praise for her dress, her dinner, or her baby—these were the womanly ambitions that kept Evelyn Seaward happy and busy.

Yet she was no mere domestic drudge. She found a few hours daily for her music, her books, and the newspaper—the latter because Lucien liked to talk over the news in the evening.

She was unusually busy just at the time of which I am writing, because Uncle Will was visiting Lucien. The little wife knew how fond her husband was of his uncle—how much he owed him for kindness in boyhood, business aid, and instruction in manhood, and how closely their business affairs were entwined. So she strove to make him as welcome as possible—to make him feel his visit as great a pleasure to herself as to Lucien—to place him upon the footing of an honored guest as well as a beloved relative. Her choicest dishes were concocted for him, her prettiest dresses worn, and home made as attractive as taste and neatness could desire.

On the day when Lucien was receiving his first lesson in the art of training a wife, Evelyn, busy in her usual happy fashion, found five o'clock striking just as she put the finishing touches to the table and gave her servant the last direction about dinner.

"Five o'clock! I must hurry, or baby and I will not be dressed before Lucien comes. I wonder if he will notice baby's new saccue. I am becoming quite expert in that dainty sewing."

But the new saccue, the carefully prepared dinner, and Evelyn's own sunny face, were all to be lost for one evening to Lucien. The hours passed slowly to the anxious watcher, who conjured up from her imagination every accident or horror of which Lucien could have been the victim. It was nearly two o'clock when the latch-key rattled in the lock, and the gentlemen entered the hall.

"Oh, Lucien, where have you been?"

"To the theatre, dear. Uncle Will wanted to see Hamlet."

He was going to say more, seeing how pale she was, and how evidently anxious she had been, but he caught his uncle's eye.

"I wish I had known," she said, quietly. "I was afraid something had happened."

"Nonsense!" Uncle Will said, laughing. "Lucien is not a child."

"No," and she too laughed, a suspiciously quivering laugh; "but he always lets me know if he is going to stay out. Do you not want some supper?"

"No; we had some oysters."

It was the first of many lonely evenings, but Evelyn made no complaint. Uncle Will was her husband's guest, she told herself, and it was but right that he should devote himself to him. When he returned to India, the happy home evenings would come again. It was only three months.

Only three months! Little by little the chill of withheld confidence crept into the happy household. Lucien no longer talked over the busy day with his wife. Acting upon his uncle's counsel, he said nothing about business affairs at home, and gradually ceased to speak to Evelyn of any outdoor matters. She was a gentle, sweet-tempered woman, but she did not lack pride, and as the weeks wore away this grew in her heart, folding in its icy grasp much of her love and confidence.

It was her duty, she told herself, to keep Lucien's home as pleasant as it had been, but the heart was gone from her interest. He was not unkind; his kiss upon her cheek was warm as ever; his voice was never harsh; but while outside pleasures began to have new and strong charms, home, wife, and baby sank in corresponding proportion.

The day came when Uncle Will sailed for India. He made Evelyn a parting gift of a set of costly jewellery, and gave his little namesake, the baby, a handsome cheque, to be deposited in bank to accumulate interest till he became of age. But Evelyn hoped for a greater treasure still, in her husband's renewed confidence and companionship. Uncle Will had in a measure taken her place, but Lucien would surely be all her own again now.

Alas for the loving wife! She had been too easily trained. Fearing no reproaches, no sulky looks, no tears or complaints at home, Lucien was enjoying his liberty too much to easily abandon it. It was quite delightful to feel that if Tom invited him to the theatre, Dick to a bachelor party, or Harry for a drive, that Evelyn knew now that he was all right, and would not worry.

Yet, in his pleasure at this delightful state of affairs, Lucien quite overlooked the foundation upon which wifely worry and anxiety is built. He quite forgot to take into consideration that every throb of pain at his absence, every fear and every silent tear, sprang from love—from such love as will scarcely revive again, if it once dies or is killed.

He found no difference in his home. Every detail of household management was as perfect as ever. His baby was always sweet and fresh for his kiss, and Evelyn always gentle.

It came so gradually that Lucien was blind to the change; but yet it came to pass that Evelyn grew cold and undemonstrative. That little grain of pride that had innocently spent itself in neat dress and a happy home for Lucien, and the cultivation of talent and intellect for his pleasure was gaining strength and gradually wrapping in its folds all the gentler emotions of Evelyn's heart, excepting maternal devotions. Baby did not know, but his mother did, how many caresses and kisses that had been Lucien's fell now upon his unconscious lips and brow.

Business was absorbing, and Lucien found many an hour that had been Evelyn's spent in conning his ledger, now that he had so ordered home affairs that he was completely master of his time. Bachelor pleasures that had been dropped resumed their glittering fascinations, and from being the exception, it began to be the rule for Evelyn to pass her evenings utterly alone, cherishing no resentment, nursing no bitter thought, only feeling deeper and deeper the chill upon her love.

It had been so strong and true, a very giant in her heart; now it was failing, failing, dying inch by inch, under the blight of neglect, till it seemed only a memory, lying cold and dead in the grave that was shadowed by her pride.

I can scarcely define the day or hour when outside pleasure began to pall upon Lucien Seaward's tastes, and he thought regretfully of the pleasures he had so ruthlessly cast aside. Something of the old longing for Evelyn's warm caress and ringing voice seemed to waken him to the fact that they were no longer given him.

She was looking pale, he noticed, and she was very quiet—unnaturally so. He had been ailing a little, enough for an excuse for a few days of rest, and it was not a busy time. He would stay at home for a day or two, and let

Evelyn nurse and pet him, as she did when they were first married.

Three days at home opened Lucien Seaward's eyes to the work of the last two years, and in his heart he cursed his uncle's counsel. His wife was gone!

There was a pale, cold woman who waited faithfully upon him, anticipated his wants, gave him every attention his trifling illness called for, but it was not Evelyn.

Evelyn had watched every change in his face two years ago. Evelyn's hand, two years ago, would have rested caressingly for hours upon his brow, if it were feverish. Evelyn's lips, two years ago, would have been softly pressed every few moments upon his lips or cheeks.

This shadow of his old love was like a ghost of the happy wife he had called his own two years ago.

He was not cold-hearted or unkind by nature, and on the third day he cast all his new principles to the wind, and resolved to try to win again the treasure of his wife's heart, the boon of a happy home.

It was not an easy task. Evelyn shrank a little from the caresses she had spared so long; she tried in vain to find the answering echo for the fond words that had once been the sunshine of her life; she endured, but could not return this reviving love Lucien was pouring out again, at her feet.

There had been no quarrel—no open rupture; there was no opening for a reconciliation where there had never been a harsh word; yet Lucien felt keenly that he could not gain his rightful place with Evelyn, unless he could make her understand that he was in error—make her believe in his penitence.

Pride, proper spirit, manliness, the memory of uncle Will, all kept his tongue tied, while inwardly he was cursing the training that had brought Evelyn to the exact standard of a perfect wife, if uncle Will's theory was correct. Certainly he was perfectly independent, and in no danger of being hen-pecked, if that was happiness.

It may be that a pitying Heavenly Father, knowing the secrets of these well-meaning yet sorely mistaken hearts, sent sorrow as the healing angel. One night when all was still, the angel came and put his hand upon Willie, the one tie that yet united the estranged hearts. A few hours of agony in the convulsive throes and struggles of croup, and only a little corpse was left for the father and mother.

In her agony, Evelyn turned where comfort ought to wait for her, and found it. In her husband's loving, tender embrace she wept the healing tears that melted away the cold indifference and pride in her heart, and made way for the newly springing love there.

RUMFORD'S "BURGLAR ALARM."

Max Adeler says:—Rumford keeps a dry goods store, and dreading robbery, he procured a patent "burglar alarm," fastened it to the doors and windows, and attached it to a huge gong. All the policemen in that neighborhood were paid by Rumford, and instructed, whenever they heard the gong, to go for the burglars then and there, and to seize them at all hazards. For a while all went well enough. But the fifth night the wind blew savagely, and shook the store door so severely that it set off the alarm. When Rumford heard it, he seized a club, and, turning on the gas full head, dashed into the store for the purpose of macerating the ruffians whom he supposed were preying upon his property. Just then the police arrived, accompanied by a crowd of excited citizens. One detachment went around to the rear of the store; the others stayed in front. These looked through the hole in the door, and thought they saw the burglar in the act. They went for him. With a crowbar they smashed the door and the show window, and entered with drawn revolvers. This scared Rumford, and he dodged behind the counter. The policemen fired fifteen shots at him; and, the party in the rear effecting an entrance a moment afterward, twelve more shots were aimed at Rumford. Then the myrmidons of the law dashed up, caught him by the collar, laid him out on the floor, and hammered him up in a humorous manner for a few minutes with their clubs. When his bones were thoroughly mellowed, somebody discovered it was Rumford. It cost him six hundred dollars for plate glass and doors, two dollars for arnica, and the loss of the month's time spent in seclusion waiting for the bumps on his forehead to go down. Then he ripped out the burglar alarm, discontinued his acquaintance with the police, and bought a dog. Maybe there are worse disgusted men than he; but there are few persons who infuse so much energy, earnestness and whole-souled sincerity into their disgust.—*Philo. Dispatch.*

Landsear has a rival in Mr. Jones of Chicago, who, as a dog painter, has few equals. He can make a coach-dog out of a common white cur in ten minutes, if he is not disturbed.

THE SERE AND YELLOW LEAF.

There is no disguising the fact that there is a certain antagonism existing between old people and their juniors. You can never induce the two to thoroughly amalgamate; it is seldom that they really thaw towards each other. It seems as if there is some barrier set up between them which prevents the possibility of their mutually extending the hand of genuine friendship. It is customary to hear them speaking slightly of each other. Nothing seems to afford many an old man more amusement than to condemn, in unmeasured terms, the young men of the present day, and, while pointing out how degenerate they are, to deal out good advice by the yard. The juveniles, on the other hand, are disposed to accord their elders scant ceremony, treating their counsel as so much idle talk suitable enough, perhaps, for the days that have fled, but quite out of place at the present time. The old man points to his long experience as proof positive that he knows what is best under all circumstances; the young man asserts, in reply, that the world has altered, and that though the old man knows a great deal about the past he is almost entirely ignorant of the present. Each feels aggrieved at the self-assertion of the other; the one is angry at advice and admonition being freely proffered, the other is indignant at the same being systematically disregarded, if not actually scorned. Probably, both make mistakes, the youth being over-confident and egotistical, and the old man failing to make allowances for the many and varied changes which time never fails to make in everything. In addition to the great cause of estrangement, there are other reasons why age and youth do not unite. Their tastes are different. Age cultivates, as a rule, a certain austerity, and condemns peccadilloes which youth considers ought, under some circumstances, to be tolerated. Youth is Bohemian in its tastes and adopts a laxer code of morality than that which age sets up. Youth goes in for the pleasures of the hour. Age is, frequently, fonder of money-getting than any other description of enjoyment. Youth likes activity and a constant change from scene to scene; age loves to take its ease in an arm-chair, and relishes not hurry or bustle. Youth bubbles of the things that are to come, and the beautiful future which lies before it; age lingers tediously on the facts of the past, and talks rather of what it has achieved than what it intends to do. Age is disposed to give most subjects serious consideration and shun idle joking. Youth is inclined to be flippant and to make undue sacrifices for the sake of a jest which shall create a laugh. Neither fully comprehends, and does full justice to the virtues nor makes due allowances for the idiosyncracies of the other. Each is more or less constrained, or is apt to exaggerate those imperfections which give offence, when in the society of the other. Youth prefers to purchase experience rather than accept age's unpalatable advice. Age does not scruple to let youth see that its frivolities and light-heartedness offend him. Thus it is that they are seldom drawn together, and when such an event happens their interviews are invariably short and their intercourse is confined to the exchange of a few stiff conventionalities. Age is attracted to age, and youth to youth. Old men confide to old men their opinions of things in general, and agree that the present is in no respect equal to the past, and that the rising generation possesses vices and faults without number. Youth relieves itself by pouring into the ears of youth how the slow "old fogies" want to bamboozle everybody, and talk of what they do not understand. Listen to either one when talking without constraint and saying that which it really thinks, and you must come to the conclusion that it does not hold the other in very high esteem.

Age takes all this more bitterly to heart than youth does. So long as youth is not actively interfered with, and has none of its pleasures cut off, its equanimity is very little disturbed. In the midst of its enjoyments and many activities, the murmurs of the old, accompanied by the customary ominous head-shakings, attract but momentary notice, and are dismissed with a contemptuous word or two. Besides it is the usual thing for youth to look for admonition from age, and youth is not therefore mortified at attempts being made to place it in a secondary position. So long as its material comforts are not lessened, the damage done to its pride is very small indeed. But with age the case is different. Age naturally thinks that a large amount of deference should be paid it, that considerable weight should attach to its utterances, in consideration of the source from which they emanate. It is very much hurt when the deference and consideration are denied. It is quick to detect and resent a slight. It places importance upon what to the young seems trifles. Having outlived the grosser forms of pleasure, its chief enjoyments are what may be termed of an emotional character. Given, an old man of healthy mind, surround him with a few people to whom he is bound by the ties of affection, let them pay him outward respect, defer to his judgment when discussions arise, and he will be happy, even though he is debarred from taking any part in what is going on around him, and the principal portion of his existence is spent in a chair in the chimney-corner. But once show him that he thinks a good deal more of himself than he has any just grounds for doing, and those whose destinies he flatters himself he is, to a certain extent, called upon to direct, are determined to go their own way in spite of anything he can

say or do, and you destroy the mainspring of that man's felicity. His material comforts may be all preserved to him, he may be free to do what he likes and go where he chooses, but—unlike in the case of youth—more pronounced enjoyments have lost their charm, so far as he is concerned. His happiness is, to a large extent, dependent upon the spirit in which he is regarded by those by whom he is surrounded.

This being the case, it is much to be regretted that there is, on the part of a large portion of the rising generation, a tendency to treat with somewhat scant ceremony, and a certain degree of disrespect, those who are entering upon the period of the sere and yellow leaf. There is, in some quarters, a disposition to laugh at anything that an old person does, and unfavorably discuss his, or her, foibles. It is occasionally too apparent that were it not for selfish considerations on the part of many people, aged folk would receive even less consideration than they do at present. There is often too great a disposition to study old men and women with the view of obtaining something from them, at death or before. The aged are particularly sharp-witted, and can quickly detect those things we have pointed out. It is, perhaps, unnecessary for us to remark that the gloom of the period of the sere and yellow leaf is not lightened by discoveries being made in the direction indicated. That, under such circumstances, the aged frequently become querulous and irritable is only what might be anticipated. Indeed, it would be strange if they were not led into condemnation of those who treat them so badly.—*Liberal Review*.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

FALSE friends are like our shadows; they follow us only in sunshine.

THE oldest inhabitants is the link between the dead and the living. He remains here to check the vanity of the present by his testimony to the past.

LEAVE your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them by that time will require answering.

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written; in writing what deserves to be read; and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

A PHILOSOPHER was asked from whom he received his first lesson in wisdom. He replied, "From the blind, who never take a step until they have first felt the ground in front of them."

ALL the good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

THAT a humorous man should be melancholy is what we might naturally expect, for humour is precisely due to the combination of a deep sense of pathos with a keen eye for the incongruities of the world; and the humourist is powerful in proportion as he can make us cry and laugh at the same time.

It is not what we have or what we have not which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess more, and the wish to appear of more consequence than we really are which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

A SCARCITY of time is often pleaded, in excuse of neglect. Many, who cannot find a few hours per week in which to do some useful thing, will spend days, and even months, in a comparatively trifling pursuit; and there are hundreds who, while they have not a penny to spare to a starving mendicant, find pounds to lavish in the purchase of some elegant or fashionable toy.

THE LOWER CLASSES.—Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility. No matter if they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely upper circles in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for the great man and high-souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes alluded to as only relatively low, and, in fact, the middling classes; but they are absolutely the highest. If there be a class of human beings on earth who may be properly denominated low, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without being anything in and of themselves.

No love is so true and tender as the love our parents give us, and for none are we so ungrateful. We take it as a matter of course—as something we deserve. Especially may our mothers toil and deny themselves, think all night and labor all day, without receiving any thanks whatever. From the day when she walks all night with us while we scream, to the day when she helps make our wedding dress and gives us those cherished pearls which she wore in her girlhood, we do not half recognise her love for us. Never until we are parents ourselves do we quite comprehend it. Yet, is there anything like it? The lover may desert us for some brighter beauty; the husband grow indifferent when we have been his a little while; the friend be only a summer friend, and fly when

riches vanish, or when we are too sad to amuse; but our parents love us best in our sorrow, and hold us dearer for any change or disfigurement. There isn't much of heaven here on earth; but what there is of it is chiefly given to us in a parent's love.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Hindoos extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying: "The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter."

THE number of ordinary letters circulated in Germany was 205,000,000 in 1870, and it increased to 240,000,000 in 1871, the rate per cent. increase having actually augmented.

A MODEL Yankee shoe factory, doing all the work by machinery, and turning out a finished shoe in seven minutes, will be put in operation at the Vienna Exhibition by H. H. Bigelow, of Worcester, Mass.

WE read of what promises to be the biggest book in the world. It is now in process of manufacture in Paris, and will contain the names of all the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who have formally proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects. The list is said to comprise 380,000 names. One hundred and twenty-five compositors have been employed on the work during the last three months, it is printed on seven presses, and the volume will include 13,163 pp. A valuable work, no doubt, but not one which we would wish to read through at a sitting.

AGE AND INTELLECT.—That extreme longevity does not, says the *London Medical Record*, abridge intellectual activity, is well evidenced by the following table of the dates of birth and respective ages of the highest talent in the French Academy:—

MM. Guizot.....	1787—85 years.
Thiers.....	1797—75 "
Remusat.....	1797—75 "
Saint-Marc Girardin.....	1801—71 "
Victor Hugo.....	1802—70 "
Dupanloup.....	1802—70 "
Legouvé.....	1807—65 "

SARAH CURRAN.—Curran's daughter was engaged to be married to Emmet, in 1803, the year in which he was hanged. Sarah Curran's story is alluded to in Washington Irving's "Broken Heart," and Moore has flung around her a wreath of poetry in the Irish melody—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,

And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Ev'ry note which he lov'd awaking,
Ah, little they think who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

In plain prose, however, Sarah Curran married an English officer, Col. H. Sturgeon. It is impossible for us to feel quite as much interest in the affianced bride of the patriot Emmet when she becomes Mrs. Sturgeon. Her first love, however, never faded from her heart; but the heart itself soon ceased to beat; and so closed another romantic story.—*Athenaeum*.

HOW TO SAVE COAL.—The Rev. Henry Moule, in a letter to the editor of the "Times," suggests a simple method of making half a ton of coals go as far as fifteen hundredweight go now. The plan is to place a quantity of chalk in the grates; once heated, this is practically inexhaustible from combustion, and gives out great heat. Mr. Moule's nephew tried the experiment eight or nine years ago in the Dorset County Hospital, of which he was house-surgeon. Chalk was placed at the back of each of the fires in the two large convalescent wards, in nearly equal proportions with the coal. In both wards full satisfaction was felt both as to the cheerfulness and as to the warmth of the fire. The patients frequently remarked that they never before had so much warmth in the rooms. Numerous visitors expressed their decided approval. And the saving throughout that winter in those two fires was 75 per cent. For while previous to this use of chalk two boxes of coal were barely sufficient for each ward for one day, during its use one box was sufficient for two days. The plan of using chalk was practised in Dorsetshire by the Rev. J. Hicks twenty years ago.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

THE Hon. John T. Reynolds, live stock editor of *The Prairie Farmer*, does not think the Norman or Percheron horse, in his purity, is well adapted to the wants of farmers, but he believes the use of such stallions on the common mares of the country, is the best and quickest mode of securing much needed size and strength. After one or two such crosses, he would advise the use of thoroughbred (English and American) stallions.

At the Randolph, Ohio, Farmers' Club one member gave great credit to bumblebees, and said that without their service in distributing pollen when his clover fields are in bloom, he would get no seed, whereupon another member, with a slight sting of sarcasm in his speech, suggested that an application of about 25 bushels per acre of unslaked lime might have a tendency to show that the benignant assistance of the winged workers is not altogether indispensable.

THE advocates of large farms frequently tell us how profitable farming is in England, where there are large farms, and how unprofitable it is in France, where the farms are small. This is not the truth at all. Saying little about farming in England, though we might refer to the low condition of the laborer in that country, the rural population of France is forehanded, and they recently lent the Government millions of money, and it is well known that they supply England largely with poultry, eggs, flour and sugar.

Good hay sells in many places in New England for \$23 to \$26 a ton, that is about a cent and a quarter a pound. Looking at their market reports it appears that oats sell for what is equal to one cent and a half a pound, corn at a cent and five-eighths, rye a cent and three-fourths, bran a cent and a quarter, apples a cent and a half. Thus we see that those products which cost much labor sell for only a trifle more than hay, which costs but little. A pound of butter, costing 40 cents, can be purchased for less than 30 pounds of hay, which can be taken on a pitchfork.

AN English farmer, Mr. Smith, of Woolston, is said to have added "10 inches to the stature of his beans, and increased the yield many bushels" by acting on the proposition that, other things being equal, the fertility of a soil is proportioned to the depth and quantity of the substance to which the roots of the cultivated plants have ready access, and *The Agricultural Gazette* asserts that the England of to-day gives better crops than at earlier periods, not solely because of the importation of guano, bones and niter, nor because of the imported oil-cake and grain which have been fed to her stock, but also because English soil—thanks to more general land drainage and better tillage implements, and the application of steam-power—is deeper than it was.

DRY FOOD FOR HORSES.—The *Spirit of the Times* says: "We never have believed and never shall believe, that chopped hay and corn meal, saturated with water, is proper for a working horse as a general diet. We firmly believe that the food of a working horse, who cannot be pastured, should be good, sound oats and sweet hay for at least five days a week. Look at the South, where the common run of working horses are fed on corn. What is found there? Why, the big head, a terrible and almost incurable complaint. We also think that wet corn meal is the very worst way of feeding corn to a horse that ever was practised. And the chopped, wet hay is not half so good as fine, bright timothy from the mow. We like to hear the horse grinding up his good timothy hay, like a grist mill, after he has finished his oats. A nice mash once in a while is good, and a very different thing from almost constant soft diet."

MANURES.—It is to be hoped that manures were thoroughly prepared and composted during winter. If you have muck, throw it on the liquid portions. It is a fixer. Manures must not be so exposed that the dashing rains will wash everything soluble out of them. Let the soluble elements find their way to the soil, rather than to creeks and rivers. Economy, or the want of it here, is enough to make a nation rich or poor. It will not pay to let manures flow to creeks and rivers, and then go to the Guano Islands to get them back again. Cart manures to convenient places, and all the better if they are protected by a coating of earth till ready for use. Spread no more than can be plowed in each day, especially on hill sides. All manures not used in the spring should be thoroughly composted and protected for future use.

FAMILY MATTERS.

THE FEET.—As the feet are kept more closely covered than any other part of the body during the day, they should be thoroughly washed and rubbed till dry, every night. Impurities gather as the result of the confined perspiration, and these should be removed before sleep. However inconvenient to do so, we repeat it, wash the feet every night.

RADISHES FOR THE AGED.—Peel tender radishes, grate them, add salt and vinegar, if desired. This manner of preparing radishes is more healthy for all; especially for persons who have poor teeth, and children who do not take time to masticate their food. Winter radishes grate nicely, and will be found a fine relish, when fresh salads cannot be obtained.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—Roll three-quarters of a pound of soda crackers, and mix them in two quarts of milk. When they are soaked soft, put in a quarter of a pound of melted butter, the same quantity of loaf sugar rolled, two gills of flour, measured after sifting, one wine-glass of wine, and one-third of a nutmeg. Beat ten eggs as lightly as possible, and stir them in the mixture. Beat the whole well; then rub in flour, half a pound of seeded raisins, cut once, the same quantity of Zante currants washed and dried, and half as much chopped citron; and mix the fruit well in the pudding. Bake or boil two hours. Serve with brandy or wine sauce. It can be eaten hot or cold.

FRIED EGGS.—While frying, they ought never to be turned. Break carefully in a cup one egg at a time (without breaking the yolks), for fear some may not be quite fresh. If the yolks are mingled with the whites, they will not fry nicely. When sufficient are broken to fry at one time, remove the boiling fat from the fire,

pour in each egg by itself so that they may not form a mass; scatter over the yolks of each a pinch of fine salt and a dust of pepper, throw the white belonging to each egg over the yolk with a tablespoon, and as soon as it is nearly congealed, remove the egg to the platter; if it cooks too slowly, dip over the egg some of the hot fat.

TO FRY EGGS HARD.—Proceed as above, leaving the spider on the fire; dip the hot fat over each egg until sufficiently cooked.

BURGARDIEN'S PASTE GLUE.—M. Burgardien, of the Museum of Narbonne, has given his name to a cement of great value, which is, however, nothing more than silicate of potassa. It is used to join or solder together various broken things, such as iron, blocks of stone, marble or wood, of the largest size, or the most delicate fragments of statuary, vases, mosaics, pottery, glass—in short, almost anything. With a small brush spread the silicate of liquid potassa over the surfaces to be joined, then press them together as closely as possible. After being kept in this position for a short time, they adhere perfectly; one may even strike the articles a considerable blow without breaking them. Neither fire, water nor ice affects this artificial adhesion.

BLEACHING LINEN.—The best method of bleaching or restoring whiteness to discolored linen is to let it lie on the grass, day and night, so long as is necessary, exposed to the dews and winds. There may occur cases, however, when this will be difficult to accomplish, and when a quicker process may be desirable. In these cases the linen must be first steeped for twelve hours in a ley formed of one pound of soda to a gallon of soft boiling water; it must then be boiled for half an hour in the same liquid. A mixture must then be made of chloride of lime with eight times its quantity of water, which must be well shaken in a stone jar for three days, then allowed to settle; and being drawn off clear, the linen must be steeped in it for thirty-six hours, and then washed out in the ordinary manner. To expedite the whitening of linen in ordinary cases, a little of the same solution of chloride of lime may be put into the water in which the clothes are steeped; but in the employment of this powerful agent great care must be exercised, otherwise the linen will be injured.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CERISINE, a substance produced in the manufacture of paraffine, is used at Vienna as a substitute for beeswax in medicinal preparations.

A SUBSTITUTE for linseed oil has been made by a French chemist, who claims that it will not, like the former, deteriorate under the action of the weather. He calls the substance *similimnile*.

THE superintendent of the Cinchona plantation, established in India, at Octacamund, for the production of quinine, is called the Government Quinologist—rather a ridiculous title, as it seems to us.

PLANT BAROMETERS.—A Prussian horticulturist has made some interesting observations, which tend to show the usefulness of certain plants as weather guides. Thus he finds that the different varieties of clover contract their leaves on the approach of rain; when the leaves of chickweed unfold, and its flowers remain erect till midday, fair weather is at hand; but the closing of the flowers of the wood-anemone in late that rain is imminent. His studies extend to many other plants than those we have mentioned.

DISCOVERY OF PILE-DWELLINGS.—An interesting discovery has recently been made by Dr. Jentsch of remains of pile-dwellings in the bed of the Elster near Leipzig. These traces of pre-historic man, which are so common in the lakes of Switzerland, and of some other parts of southern Europe, are very rare in Central Germany; and, as far as we remember, no indications of the practice of building upon piles have hitherto been found so far north as Leipzig. In the immediate district no traces of its pre-historic inhabitants have previously been met with. These remains, which were discovered during some operations in the bed of the river at Plagwitz, consist of a number of oaken piles sharpened at the bottom, which have been driven into a bed of clay in rows, and a number of oak trunks lying horizontally in the same level as the upper end of the piles. The whole was covered by a considerable thickness of loam. The lower jaw of an ox, fragments of the antlers of deer, long bones of some mammal not yet determined, and shells of freshwater mussels have been found, besides pieces of charcoal and rough pottery; and in the loam about five feet below the surface there were two stone axes with ground edges.

THE extreme unhealthiness of the Roman Campagna, if not overcome by the efforts of sanitary science, seems likely to lead eventually to the abandonment of Rome as the capital of Italy. So says Surgeon Charles F. Oldham, of the British Indian army, a highly competent authority, in a letter to the *London Times*. The deadly nocturnal atmosphere of the tract extends to the imperial city itself. The writer attributes its origin to the superabundance of stagnant water. The Campagna is not made unhealthy by mephitic vapors from decaying vegetable or by poisonous ingredients of the soil, but solely by lack of drainage. By day the most

pestilential spots may be visited without peril, but the dank chill which comes on at nightfall seems to carry death with it. "This is the poison of the Campagna, and doubtless that of the Upas valley was the same." A writer in the *Saturday Review* says, "The visitor in Rome who has gone out snipe-shooting of an autumn morning will remember well those low banks of dense gray vapor which hung over each bit of swamp and marsh, and made him shiver as he breasted them, in spite of his brandy and quinine. The fact was, as these vapors too plainly told him, that there was water around him everywhere."

As is well known, the warmth of the climate of Great Britain is ascribed in great degree to the heat brought eastward across the Atlantic by the Gulf Stream, which flows as a warm current amid the surrounding cold of the ocean. Prof. Geikie, who lately entered upon the duties of the professorship of geology founded by the late Sir Roderick I. Murchison at the University of Edinburgh, commented, in his inaugural address, upon the inexcusable ignorance of many educated men concerning scientific facts, and said, "I remember being much impressed with this, when, as a boy, I met among the hills of Skye a man who had not long taken his Master's degree at Cambridge, and who had retired to that remote region for the purposes of further study. We happened to get into conversation regarding the origin of the mild climate of Scotland. On being questioned, I referred to the influence of the Gulf Stream. My friend, however, had never heard of a Gulf Stream, refused to believe it to be more than one of what he called my 'geological speculations,' and would hardly even credit the school-master, who, when appealed to, gravely assured him that he had heard of the Gulf Stream before I was born." Events of this kind happen still. Some time ago, before Prof. Tyndal's visit to America, a leading lawyer at the New York Bar, hearing his name mentioned, asked a friend of the writer, with much apparent surprise, "Who's Tyndal?"

PORTABLE AIR-CHAMBERS FOR DIVERS, MINERS, &c.—The employment of divers in the construction of harbors and forts, and of miners and others, in asphyxiating atmospheres, is a subject which now demands careful consideration. It is well known that work of this nature is carried on to a much greater extent than formerly, and also that the apparatus now in use for supplying them with pure air is faulty in its construction, expensive, and very liable to get out of order. Various suggestions have been made, observes the *Medical Times and Gazette*, for simplifying and improving the apparatus generally used by divers. As in other occupations injurious to health, the workmen themselves are generally opposed to any innovations, and though to some extent aware of the risks they incur, are prepared to encounter them; the only stipulation on their part being that they shall receive proportionate remuneration. Captain Denarouze has recently exhibited in the Catacombs of Paris a safety apparatus, for preserving life in an atmosphere of carbonic acid. A miner carries on his back a knapsack filled with pure air; from this a tube is conveyed to the mouth, and the nostrils are closed by a syringe. The lamp fastened to the miner's chest is also connected with this portable air-chamber. In this way the man and his light are perfectly independent of the surrounding atmosphere in which he is working, so that he can work with impunity in a fatal atmosphere of firedamp. The knapsack is itself connected by a tube with a large reservoir of air at some distance from the fatal atmosphere. In this way the miner or diver obtains a constant interchange of pure air from his own resources, and does not require to pump it from a distance.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A SCOTCH terrier, advertised in Indiana, is "4 wag tail, and 2 fight."

WHEN is a milkman like a fiddle? When he is a *Cremona* (cream owner.)

"THAT'S my impression," as the printer said when he kissed his sweetheart.

ALDER-MEN is not a synonym for wooden heads, though they form together a *board*.

STANDING MIRACLE.—The maintenance of a wife and a family of children on the stipend of a Curate.

It is reported that a son of Brigham Young is going to marry a newly-established female seminary.

A SCHOOLBOY remarks that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what," he only finds out which is switch.

"Who are the peacemakers?" asked a young Sunday-school teacher of her class of boys. "The police," replied one of the lads.

BOXES, it is said, govern the world—the cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, and last, though not least, the bonnet-box.

If a man named William marry, why is he pretty certain to be henpecked?—Because his wife will always have a Will of her own.

A GERMAN veteran was recently bitten by a mad dog in his artificial leg, with the sole effect of being enabled to walk more rapidly than before.

WHAT is the difference between a good dog-show and a bad one?—When it is a good one

the dogs go to the show, but if a bad one the show goes to the dogs.

"VEN I losht my wife," said a dweller near St. Louis, "every one of my neighbors offered me anoder; but ven I losht my horse, not one of dem offered me even a colt."

An applicant for a pair of boots, at one of our shoe stores, was asked what number he wore, and replied, as soon as he could recover from his surprise, "Why two, of course!"

An original Pennsylvania editor comes out fairly and squarely. He calls his paper "An airy old sheet, devoted to wind, wickedness, and other religious matters. Vox Populus, Vox Belzezebub."

An old stager was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold water army," which he did, promising never to touch a drop of anything else except in sickness. He has never been well since.

A PLEASANT little reunion was quite upset, recently, by one of the children asking, in a painfully audible tone—"Mamma, why did you tell me not to say anything about Mr. Jenkins' nose? He hasn't got any."

THE *Dandery News* says: There was a fight between Danbury and Norwalk roosters in this place on Friday. The pain every good citizen must feel over such a brutal display is somewhat mollified by the fact that our rooster licked.

A "YOUNG lady" wishing for a situation, was recently interested in an advertisement for some one to do "light housekeeping." So she wrote to the advertiser asking where the lighthouse was, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sundays.

ONE of the little pleasantries of the "gods" at the Dublin Opera House consists in throwing on the stage a bouquet, to which a piece of twine is attached. When the *prima donna* goes to pick up the nosegay it is suddenly drawn up again, amidst the roar of the "deities."

A BEGGAR posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please, sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in!"—"And why, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman.—"Because, sir, the chances are you will not have one when you come out."

A LADY with an unmusical voice insisted upon singing at a party.—"What does she call that?" inquired a guest.—"The Tempest," I think," answered another.—"Don't be alarmed," said an old sea-captain present. "That's no tempest; it is only a squall, and will soon be over."

An old minister enforced the difference of opinion by this argument: "Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman." One of the deacons, who sat behind, responded, "Yes, and if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would have had her."

"It is my candid opinion, Judge, that you are an old fool," said a Sacramento lawyer to the Court. The Judge allowed his mildly beaming eye to rest upon the lawyer for a moment, and then, in a voice husky with suppressed emotion and tobacco juice, said, "And it's my candid opinion that you are fined one hundred dollars."

SOMEBODY has utilized pet and other names thus: For a printer's wife, Em; for a sport's wife, Bet-ty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a teamster's wife, Car-rie; for a fisherman's wife, Net-ty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peg-gy; for a carpet-man's wife, Mat-tie; for an auctioneer's wife, Bid-dy; for a chemist's wife, Ann Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridge-it.

A WORTHY baronet in one of the midland counties was lately returning home in the evening from a visit, and found his seat in the dog-cart rather colder than he expected. His coachman being attired in his livery great-coat, was desired by his master to let him put it on, and to take his lighter one, as he would not feel the cold so much. On the baronet's arrival at home and ringing the bell, the footman on opening the door, and without looking who was in the great-coat, says, "So you have left the old D—l behind?" "No," exclaims the baronet; "the old D—l is here, and he gives you a month's warning!"

A BASHFUL young man wrote an avowal of love to a lady and waited an answer through the mail. He got the letter next evening, and hurrying to his boarding-house with it, was on the point of reading it, when some one came to the door, and he was obliged to shove it quickly into his pocket. He next went to a saloon, and taking a position in a retired corner, was about to open the missive, when the passing to and fro of strangers made him more timid, and he again shoved it into his pocket and slunk out doors. He tried several places with no better success, and finally returned home, and at once went to bed, where he remained in a state of awful suspense until not a noise was heard in the house; and then, being assured that he was entirely free from interruption, he stole quietly out of bed, opened the letter with trembling fingers, and through a mist of tears saw that he was indebted to one of our druggists for five bottles of pomade, \$2.75.

An editor in Reading advertised the other day that he "would take a good dog in payment of one year's subscription for his paper." The next day forty-three dogs were sent to the office. The day afterward, when the news had spread out into the country, four hundred farmers had sent two dogs apiece by express, with eight baskets full of puppies, all marked C. O. D. In

the meantime the offer found its way into neighboring States, and before the end of the week there were eight thousand dogs, tied up with ropes, in the editor's front and back yards! The assortment included all the kinds from blood-hounds down to poodles. A few hundred broke loose and swarmed on the stairways and in the entries, and stood outside the *sanctum* and howled, and had fights, and sniffed under the crack of the door as if they were hungry for some editor. And the editor climbed out of the window, up the waterspout and out on the comb of the roof, and wept. There was no issue of the paper for six days, and the only way the friends of the eminent journalist could feed him was by sending lunch up to him in balloons. At last somebody bought a barrel of arsenic and three tons of beef, and poisoned the dogs; and the editor came down only to find on his desk a bill from the mayor for eight thousand dollars, being the municipal tax on dogs at one dollar per head. He is not offering the same inducements to subscribers now, and he doesn't want a dog.—*Max Adeler*.

OUR PUZZLER.

57. CHARADES.

1. My first is part of a plant; my second a plant; my whole a plant.
2. My first a bird; my second a fish; my whole an insect.
3. My first a useful article reversed; my second is also useful; my whole is very useful.
4. My first is often endured for friendship; my second we must endure, whether liked or not; my whole is never voluntarily endured.
5. My first must be my second; and my whole a species of my second.
6. My first is changeable; my second a trap that catches the sickle; my whole is changeable.

LIZZIE HOLMES.

58. SQUARE WORDS.

I.

There are twelve different names attached to my first, Some like this the best, some say that's the worst; But when I go to my second, I care not for choice, If I only hear music, sweet intoned by the voice. But I, my third, get such a delightful—what is it? Why my fourth, as, when the Queen pays a visit. Yea, I'm refreshed, like my fifth, when they drink at the brook, Named by the sweet singer heaven never forsook.

II.

Despised is my first, by both you and me; My second is void, and always empty; My third we detest, his influence abhor; My fourth's done by statesmen, and then becomes law; My fifth is connected with the Bill for Reform, Which has been debated with something like of storm.

T. G. RITCHIE.

59. DECAPITATIONS.

I.

Whole I am a trimming for a lady's dress; Behead me, I wander through the land, refreshing man and beast; Behead again, I belong to the "thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to;" Curtail, behead and separate. I am a Roman numeral.

II.

Whole, I am sought after by ladies, clergymen and lawyers; Beheaded, I am a possessive pronoun; Transposed, I am ever present, never absent; Curtailed, I am the answer a lover dreads to hear; Transposed, I am one of the "Last words of Marmion;" Curtailed, I am an exclamation.

ANSWERS.

53. CHARADES.—1. Lu-ton. 2. Dun-stable, 54. SQUARE WORDS.

1.	2.	3.	4.
FIGHT	DAVIS	MALTA	AFRICA
IDLER	ARISE	ADOUR	FLORES
GLARE	VILLA	LOIRE	ROBERT
HERBS	ISLET	TURIN	IREFUL
TRESS	SEATS	ARENA	CEURSE
			ASTLEY

55. ENGLISH TOWNS.—4. Strat-ford. 2. Black-burn. 3. Gas-tang. 4. Rochdale (chord-ale). 5. Seamer (Seamre). 6. Thrapstone (Hart-stone). 7. Foul-sham. 8. Rothbury (Rot-bury). 9. Walsingham (Laws-gin-ham). 10. Wet-har-by. 11. Ha-sting-den. 12. Stale-y Bridge. 13. Glossop. 14. Skip-ton. 15. Sun-der-land.

56. TITLES OF PLAYS.—1. Retained for the defence. 2. Iel on parle Français. 3. Turkish Bath. 4. One Hundred Thousand Pounds. 5. The Corsican Brothers. 6. Yellow Dwarf. 7. Vandyke Brown. 8. A Doubtful Victory. 9. The Fast Family. 10. Much Ado About Nothing. 11. Meg's Diversions. 12. She Sloops to Conquer.

ONE, TWO, THREE.

I know a shady bower,
A sweet secluded nook,
Where many a bright-eyed flower,
Bends down to kiss the brook.
My path lies down a hollow,
Where rippling waters run;
I hope no one will follow,
For there's only room for one.

But if a bonnie maiden
Whose name I dare not tell
Should, with wild flowers laden,
Draw near my bosky dell,
I, in a voice caressing,
Would tell, and tell her true,
That with a little pressing
There might be room for two.

I'd crown her with wild roses,
I'd throne her on the green,
And whilst she there reposes,
I'd kneel before my queen.
Should any one perceive us,
In this we'd both agree—
We'd tell them to believe us
There was not room for three.

THE STORY OF THE WANDERING JEW.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS APPEARANCES.

With the outlines of the story of the Wandering Jew all intelligent readers are familiar. It tells of a human being existing in an undying condition, and travelling ceaselessly over the face of the earth, seeking rest and finding none. The suggestion upon which the legend is based may probably be found in the words spoken by Christ: "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." It will be remembered also that Christ said to Peter, speaking of John, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" These, and one or two other similar sentences from the lips of the Saviour, have very naturally created an impression that certain persons who were living at the time of his appearance upon earth would remain alive until his second coming upon the day of judgment. Precisely how and when this opinion crystallized into the shape which we are considering cannot be determined with exactness, but the fact is hardly doubted that the gospel utterances just quoted really supplied the germ which, in some active fancy, perhaps that of a monk of the middle ages, fructified into this wonderfully and poetically dramatic story.

The first appearance of the Wandering Jew in literature is in a book of the chronicles of the monastery of St. Albans, England, which was copied and continued by the famous Matthew Paris, who in the early part of the thirteenth century was an inmate and scribe of the abbey.

Paris asserts that the Wandering Jew visited England, in the person of an archbishop of Armenia, in 1225. The story told of the archbishop by one of his servants was that the archbishop at the time of Christ was a porter in the palace of Pontius Pilate, and his name was Cartophinus. When Pilate released Jesus to the Jews, the latter dragged him forth, and as they reached the door, the porter impudently struck him on the back with his hand, and said, in a jeering tone, "Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker! Why do you loiter?" And Christ, looking back upon him with a severe countenance, said to him, "I am going, and you will wait till I return." And accordingly, as Christ said, Cartophinus is still awaiting his return.

At the time of this occurrence he was thirty years old; and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he returns to the same age as he was when the Lord suffered. After Christ's death when the Christian faith gained ground, Cartophinus was baptized by Ananias (who also baptized the apostle Paul), and was called Joseph. He became a man of holy conversation and of devout life.

This is one version of the legend. The other and more popular one is that a Jew named Anasuerus, by trade a shoemaker, was standing in the door of his shop in Jerusalem when Christ was passing on his way to Calvary. Anasuerus had a little child upon his arm, and as the Lord approached the house, bowed under the heavy weight of the cross, he tried to rest a little, and stood still for a moment. But the shoemaker, in zeal and rage, and for the purpose of obtaining credit from the Jews, drove the Saviour forward and told him to hasten on his way. Jesus obeyed, but turned and looked at his assailant, and said, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go on until the last day."

At these words Anasuerus set down the child; and unable to remain where he was, he followed Christ, and saw how cruelly he was crucified, how he suffered and how he died. As soon as the crucifixion was ended, it seemed as if he could not return to Jerusalem nor see again his wife and child, but he felt that he must go forth into foreign lands, one after another, like a mournful pilgrim. He wandered to and fro over the earth for many years, and then returned to his ancient home, only to find the holy city ruined and utterly razed, so that not one stone was left standing upon another, and so that he could not recognize former localities. So forth he started upon his journey again, and began a new the wandering which shall not cease until all things shall come to an end.

The old chronicles which contain this touching and wonderful story also tell something of the manners and peculiarities of the Jew. He is said to be a man of few words and of circumspect behavior. He does not speak at all, unless when questioned by devout men, and then he tells of the events of old times, of the incidents which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of the Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection—namely, those who rose with Christ and went into Jerusalem and appeared unto men. He also tells of the apostles, of their separation and preaching. All this he relates without smiling, or levity of conversation, as one who is full of sorrow and remorse, always looking forward to the judgment, lest he should find Him in anger who, when on his way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. When invited to become a guest of any one, the story is that Anasuerus eats little, drinks in great moderation, and then hurries on, never remaining long in one place. It was also said

burg, he, on a certain Sunday in church, saw a tall man with his hair hanging over his shoulders standing barefoot during the sermon. The visitor listened with deepest attention; and whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned, he bowed humbly and profoundly, with sighs and beating of the breast. After the sermon he was interrogated, and he declared himself to be Anasuerus the Jew. He had no other clothing in the bitter cold of winter but a pair of hose which were in tatters about his feet, and a coat with a girdle which reached nearly to the ground. His general appearance was that of a man of about fifty years.

Von Eitzen says that he, with the rector of the Hamburg school, who was a traveller and well read in history, questioned the Jew about events which had taken place in the East since the death of Christ, and he gave them much correct information on many ancient matters, so that it was impossible not to be convinced of the truth of his story.



SUNDAY MORNING.

that wherever he travelled for a time he made a habit of attending places of worship, and of listening reverently to the religious exercises, always reverencing with sighs the name of the Deity or the Saviour. He has been known to rebuke profanity with indignation, and whenever he heard any one use the name of the Creator flippantly, to say, "Wretched man thus to misuse the name of thy Lord! Hadst thou seen, as I have, how heavy and bitter were the pangs and wounds of the Saviour, endured for me and thee, thou wouldst rather undergo great pain thyself than thus take his sacred name in vain."

Some of these descriptions of the Wandering Jew purport to have been written by persons who have seen and talked with him. There are many accounts of his appearance at various times in different parts of Europe, and it seems almost impossible to doubt the sincerity of those who have chronicled these visitations, even if they admit, as we must, that the writers were deceived in some manner of which we know nothing.

After his visit to England, just alluded to, he is not heard of until 1505, when he was reported to have appeared in Bohemia, where he assisted a certain weaver named Kohot, to find a treasure which had been secreted in the royal palace of Kohot's father, sixty years before, at which time the Jew was present. He then had the appearance of being about seventy years of age. In 1547 he was seen in Hamburg, if we are to believe Dr. Von Eitzen, bishop of Schleswig, who declared that when he was a youth in Ham-

It is affirmed that the Jew was seen in Madrid, Spain, in 1575, in just such a dress as he had worn in Hamburg. In 1599 he appeared in Vienna, if report is to be believed, and immediately afterward in various portions of Poland. He was said to be upon his way to Moscow, where he was seen and spoken to by many persons. In the year 1604 he is reported to have visited Paris; and a writer of that period declares that the common people saw the wanderer and conversed with him. Subsequently he went to Hamburg again, and to Naumburg, where he was seen in church, and where he received presents of food and clothing from the burghers. In 1633 two citizens of Brussels declared that while walking in a forest near the city they met an aged man in tattered garments, whom they invited to an inn. He refused to sit while he ate, but standing, he told his entertainers stories of events which happened many hundred years before, and intimated that he was the very cobbler who had refused to permit Christ to rest upon his doorstep. A history of the town of Stamford, England, tells how, in 1658, upon the evening of Whitsunday, a certain citizen heard a knock at his door; and upon opening it, he saw a grave old man, who, asked for refreshment. This was given him, whereupon he imparted to his host the knowledge how to cure a disease from which the latter was suffering. The remedy was tried, and was successful. The appearance and conduct of the visitor were more than natural, and it was believed then by many at the time that he was the Wandering Jew.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a man professing to be the Jew appeared in England, and attracted much attention, particularly from the ignorant. He thrust himself into the notice of the nobility, who, half in jest, half in curiosity, paid him and questioned him. He declared that he had been an officer of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and that he had struck Christ as he left the judgment-hall of Pilate. He asserted that he remembered the apostles, and described their personal appearance, their clothing and their peculiarities. He spoke many languages, claimed to possess the power to cure disease, and said he had travelled over the entire world. Educated men who heard him were much perplexed by his acquaintance with foreign places and tongues. Certain professors from Cambridge and Oxford Universities questioned him, to discover the imposition if any existed, and an English scholar conversed with him in Arabic. The man told his questioner in that language that historical works were not to be relied upon. And when he was asked his opinion of Mohammed, he replied that he had been well acquainted with the father of the prophet, and told where he lived. He said Mohammed was a man of great intellectual ability. Once when he, the pretended Jew, heard Mohammed deny that Christ was crucified, he silenced him by telling him that he, the Jew, was a witness of the event. He related also that he was at Rome when Nero burned the city. He had known Saladin, Tamerlane and other Eastern princes, and could give minute details of the history of the Crusades. If this man was an impostor, he was at least too cunning and too intelligent for those who strove to detect the fraud. Shortly afterward he disappeared from England, and was seen in Denmark and then in Sweden, after which he vanished.

Coming down to later times, men claiming to be the Wandering Jew have appeared at various periods during the present century, but these have all proved themselves in the plainest manner to be either lunatics or humbugs. The last notice that we have seen of such an appearance was in 1870, when many of the newspapers contained a floating item to the effect that the Jew had been seen near Antwerp, Belgium. It is a pity he was not seized and dragged before some intelligent and responsible person, so that he could have been investigated.

It may be interesting, before we dismiss the subject of the movements of the Jew, to mention that superstitious fancy has connected him with that terrible plague the cholera. The theory has been advanced that the disease follows close upon the track made by the wanderer in his pilgrimage over the world, and that a visitation from him is a certain indication of the coming of the plague. Eugene Sue has made use of this superstition in his novel founded upon the legend of the Jew—a work, by the way, which is far beneath the simple story of the Middle Ages in dignity, beauty and mysterious interest.

In some accounts of the sufferings of the aged pilgrim it is said that he has, during his long and dreadful existence, striven many times to end the life so miraculously extended. He has gone into the thickest of the battle and thrown himself upon the spears of the enemy, or in later times has stood at the cannon's mouth, but he has always remained unhurt. He has been shipwrecked, but he alone of all his companions has been tossed ashore by the roaring waves. He has leaped into burning volcanoes, only to be belched forth unscathed; he has plunged into the flame without suffering from its fiery tongues; he has sought the lair of wild beasts but to find the hyena and the tiger docile to his touch and careless of provocation. Death has been courted by him in every conceivable form, but always it has eluded him, and a terrible destiny has thrust him back into that life which has at last grown to be a curse. This story, it will be seen, does not agree with those which describe him as a humble and patient Christian, but it is striking and remarkable as embodying an illustration of what the life to which men cling so desperately might become if it were prolonged for centuries.

There has been a great deal of conjecture as to the process by which the story of the Wandering Jew was formed. The scriptural texts given at the beginning of this article supply sufficient reason for that part of it which refers to the mere prolongation of a human life, but they give no limit or suggestion of the material of which the rest of the legend is composed. Some persons have supposed that the Jew was the emblem of the gypsy race, which at one time was thought to be of Egyptian origin, and which is nomadic. The theory was that the original gypsies were cursed because they refused shelter to the Virgin and Child in their flight into Egypt. This, however, is not either consistent or satisfactory. The most plausible explanation is that the Wandering Jew is really the type of the Hebrew race. The Jews did offend Jesus, as Anasuerus is said to have done. They have been driven from their homes, as he was, they have wandered over the whole earth, as is alleged of him, and they have lived apart, distinct and peculiar from other men, as he is said to do. The difference between the type and the reality is that Anasuerus became a Christian, while the Jews cling to their old faith. But the resemblance is so great that we think we are warranted in asserting that the origin of the magnificent fable may be traced to the historic fact.

THE FAVORITE is printed and published by George E. Desbarats, 1 Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.